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OCTOBER 9, 1934

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•

OCT. 10th
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author and labor journalist
TOPIC:
"America Faces Pogroms"

•

OCT. 17th
HARRY GANNES
of the editorial board, Daily Worker
TOPIC:
"What Is Fascism?"

•

OCT. 24th
JEROME HELLERSTEIN
executive committee member, International Juridical Association
TOPIC:
"Mass Action in Labor Cases"

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OCTOBER 9, 1934

WITH his radio proposal for a truce between labor and capital President Roosevelt reveals his complete political bankruptcy. After 19 months of the New Deal he is reduced to repeating the Hoover formula of four years ago. Hoover, deaf, dumb and blind to every sign of the times, and talking to a country still clinging hopefully to the illusion of "prosperity," had a comparatively easy task in confusing labor with his promise that there would be no wage cuts if there were no strikes. Since Hoover's "truce" the wages of American labor have been cut fifty percent. Labor has struck and struck again, and not merely for a few dollars more a week: under Roosevelt's regime labor has had to battle desperately to hold those fundamental rights of organization which the employers were determined to wipe out of existence. Roosevelt, with his N.R.A. program in ruins, the iron contradictions of capitalist economics keeping 16,000,000 unemployed and the fighting temper of labor rising every day, is in an infinitely worse position than Hoover was in his effort to impose this truce of death on the workers.

Limbach

OCTOBER has been formally proclaimed as "milk month" in New York State by Governor H. H. Lehman. Its professed purpose is to teach the people the value of milk "a quart a day for every child—a pint a day for every adult." Another purpose, of course, is to spend the half million dollars appropriated by the Legislature for an "educational" campaign in the newspapers on the nutritive and health value of milk. Milk today is 11 cents a quart (Grade B). Food relief for a New York City family of five, two adults, three children, is roughly $7.05 a week. Were such a family to follow the "educational" advice of the highly civilized State of New York, it would spend $3.08 on milk, leaving $3.97 to be spent for food weekly, or about 56 cents a day for five persons. The half million dollars might have gone a long way to furnish milk at cost to school children this winter, something even capitalist England began doing this month on a small scale. But the money is squandered in useless advertising — what mother doesn't know milk is health-giving food for her children, her husband, herself? The ads proclaim that by drinking more milk you'll also be helping "the state's leading industry." Yes, the industry consisting of the big distributors who reap the profits, since the farmer doesn't benefit from a price fixed for him, no matter how the retail milk price is juggled upward. Incidentally, other "industries" appear to be helped. The Herald Tribune rotogravure section, September 30, devoted six pages to the milk health campaign. Beautifully posed pictures showed a movie actress in a bathing suit, a mayor, athletes, an Indian princess, a deer in the zoo, society people in a pent house, educators, enjoying "rich, creamy milk" (Grade A, no doubt, costing 14 cents a quart). Oh, yes, one page ad was that of the State. The other ads, more than two pages, were of the "industry" benefitting by the drive. The undernourished, the starving, the unemployed were not shown drinking milk.

SINCE the opening of the fall semester New York State teachers have been signing the oaths of loyalty required by the Ives Bill. Despite Superintendent Campbell's assurance that they have nothing to fear from the law, teachers have begun to perceive that there is enough ambiguity in the oath "to uphold" State and Federal Constitutions to permit the use of the bill as a weapon of intimidation. During these days of war preparations they

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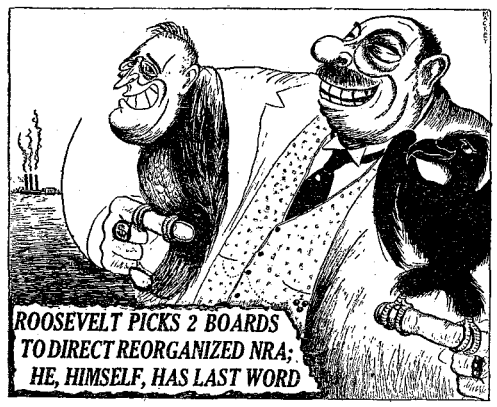
have further come to realize a similarity between this bill and the one imposed on their profession during the last war. As a result a group of teachers are circulating a voluntary oath designed to "supplement the Ives Bill" by defining "the aims that guide their work in the schools." The oath, which the sponsoring teachers urge for adoption by all teachers and teachers' organizations, reads as follows:

> We, teachers of the State of New York, in order to define clearly our loyalty as teachers of the children entrusted to our care, do hereby pledge:
>
> To hold our highest loyalty to be the promotion of the health, material well-being, cultural growth, and happiness of the children in our charge; and accordingly:
>
> To support and defend the right of every child of school age to the fullest educational advantage;
>
> To protect the school children from curtailment of vital school facilities through retrenchment in education;
>
> To do our share in protecting the school children from the horrors of war by opposing war preparations and war propaganda, especially in the schools;
>
> To uphold the American principle of academic freedom of thought and speech;
>
> To oppose all measures of repression directed against students who organize and act in defense of their own interests, and against teachers in their execution of this pledge.
>
> This we pledge to the children in the schools, their parents at home, and the great masses in factory, shop, and office who expect this loyalty of the teaching body.

This oath has already been signed by many prominent educators—Professors Franz Boas and Gardner Murphy of Columbia University; Dr. Harry F. Ward of Union Theological Seminary; Professors George S. Counts, John L. Childs, and Goodwin Watson of Teachers College; Professors Morris R. Cohen and Harry Allan Overstreet, Dean Morton Gottschall and John K. Ackley, Registrar of City College; Dr. LeRoy E. Bowman, Director of the Child Study Association; R. G. Reynolds, Director of the Horace Mann School; and others.

A COMIC opera discussion was reported a few days ago at the annual conference of the British Labor Party. The right and left wings of the party have been quarreling for a year over the question of abolishing the House of Lords when the Labor Party once more comes into power. Now they



"Polly Want a Last Word?" *Mackey*

have compromised. They have decided to abolish the upper house summarily—but only if it impedes Socialist legislation. The question is, how? And here Mr. Lees-Smith made a "constitutional point." The only power that can abolish the House of Lords is—the House of Lords! (The Laborites never conceived the simple expedient of a workers' guard closing the House.) And, of course, the Lords will abolish themselves only when there is a Labor majority among them, committed to abolition. And equally, of course, there will be a labor majority only if the King creates enough labor peers to provide them with a majority. But—the King is bound by the Parliament Act to wait two years before doing this. "In other words," Lees-Smith concluded, "the issue will be, not Socialism against Capitalism, but Socialism against the King. We will lose, and make victory easy for British Fascism." How supine these petty-fogging legalists are before the laws of the bourgeoisie. These are laws which they themselves helped to make, and which they now solemnly quote in order to avoid being forced by the working-class into attacking capitalists and the British Empire. Characteristically, at this conference they voted to oust two of their members for being connected with an organization in which there were Communists.

A REPRESENTATIVE of the Christian Century, sitting in the Senate Caucus room while the four Du Ponts are on the stand, expects to see "a cordon of rampant jingoists, breathing blood and thunder." He is disturbed to see instead "men who could pass the plate at any church service without anyone looking at them twice." Thus, Russell J. Clinchy writes in the current issue of the Christian Century. We are surprised not at what he discovered but that he expected anything else. Why shouldn't these dealers in death look like any other deacons and elders in our Christian churches? Clinchy admits that their ethics and business technique are exactly the same as those of the great majority of successful business men. He should neither have expected them to be monsters nor have been surprised that conventional appearing church-goers should engage in monstrous business practices in a predatory society. His surprise is significant because it reveals the equally naive foundations on which he builds his remedy. Clinchy is glad to see the myth exploded that these men are patriotic. He also sees clearly that their practices are common to the business world. "Every one of the techniques with which they deal," he says "—exploitation; appeals to fear, prejudice and vanity; allocation of territory; pitting buyers against each other in competitive markets—are the general techniques of what is called 'good business' today. . . . The Du Ponts are using the same methods they would use if they were in any other business."

MR. CLINCHY goes a long way in his conclusions. He sees that this bloody international of armament makers is only a cross section of the commercial life of the capitalist world. He sees that it is not a question of individuals; that if the Du Ponts were erased four others would take their places. What then is to be done? He, as a Christian, can offer only the recommendation that Christians set about in ordinary business to reform the ethics of the profession. He asserts that the great number of Christian business men "could throw the weight of their influence and power against these practices." Yet he himself says that "many business leaders cannot call for outlawing of the business techniques of the munitions industry because they would have to disavow their own." This looks like a vicious circle. The fact remains that Christian business men, under capitalism, cannot be any different from any other business men. They play the game or fail. The old alibi "If we don't do it someone else will" may be "un-Christian" but it is realistic. And he concludes by comparing the munitions investigation to a surgeon's operation for a specific malady. "We are now discovering in this operation that there are much graver conditions with which we must not fail to deal." But the religious view of the world prevents Mr. Clinchy and the Christian Century from seeing and telling what these graver conditions

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are. For they sense that the only alternative to Capitalism is Communism, and they know that the church bitterly fights Communism. They can therefore go no deeper in their analysis, regardless of their intentions, than is compatible with the maintenance of Capitalism and its indispensable ally, the Church.

THE latest recruit to the squadron of ministers who go about scaring the stuffing out of their parishoners with the hell fires of Communism is Earl G. Griffith, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Erie, Pa. In a rip-roaring sermon he delivered in New York City recently, this overheated servant of Our Lord, after accusing the Soviets of pouring $24,000,000 a year into this country for subversive purposes, spoke as follows:

> If I had ever voted for a candidate from the Socialist Party, I would go at once and buy up all the Ivory soap in New York City and also purchase two large wire brushes. Then I would go down to Atlantic City, and spend the rest of my life trying to scrub out my ingrained pollution.

As editors of THE NEW MASSES we respectfully suggest that he go down to America's Playground anyway, and stay there scrubbing away at himself for the rest of his life. It certainly can't hurt him, and it surely won't hurt us. We've already bought the two large wire brushes. They have nice long handles and seem to work fine.

FEW Americans are aware of the presence of an aspiring, though rather diminutive, Russian Hitler in their midst. His name is Anastasi Andreevich Vonsiatsky. A perfect numbskull, and an ignoramus to boot, this young man—a white Russian émigré—has managed to capture the huge reservoir of affection and money stored up in the breast and huge pocket book of an elderly American lady. Idleness is the mother of vice. Having plenty of time and money on his hands, Anastasi fell into day dreaming, envisaging himself as a great leader, an organizer, a military genius, a fiery orator, a master of men, a Savior of Russia, a slayer of the Red Dragon. After a period of revery, Vonsiatsky began to take his first faltering steps towards self-realization. He naturally turned to the thousands of Russian Whites who had been scattered by the storm of the revolution to the remotest nooks and corners of the globe. The nostalgic hankering after the lost Czarist paradise, seasoned by the bitterness of futility, made them acutely responsive to all kinds of fascist panaceas. Here and there Russian fascist groups had been springing into existence—not, of course, without the financial and moral encouragement of anti-Soviet imperialist plotters, chiefly German and Japanese. To unite these scattered fascist units into an all-Russian Fascist Party which would ultimately displace the Communist Party of the U.S.S.R. and to project himself into leadership became the frank ambition of the young hopeful. His elderly spouse, too, felt that the millions which she and her forebears had squeezed out of the American workers and farmers could perform no better service than to finance fascist plots against the Soviet workers, provided her darling boy was given the opportunity to play the Hitler role. With millions in his pocket, this diminutive Slavic Hitler had no difficulty in finding entrée into many high places. He went to the Far East, to Harbin, Tokyo, Dairen, Berlin, Dresden, Sophia, Belgrade, etc., establishing contacts with Japanese imperialists and German Fascists, delivering speeches, executing fascist salutes, boasting of the fifty million dollars he was ready to give to the cause of a Fascist Russia. Herr Vonsiatsky's "speeches" are an amazing compound of idiotic gibberish and megalomaniacal grimacing. His luxuriously printed and richly, if tastelessly, illustrated Russian weekly called "Fascist" is filled with paeans of praise to the "Leader" with portraits in all kinds of heroic poses, and with greetings from various real and fictitious Russian, Armenian and Ukrainian counter-revolutionary organizations. The "Leader" is sprawled all over the sheet. Of course, it is all a tempest in a cracked teapot. Yet, even this tempest could only originate in the insane atmosphere of a decaying capitalism. Gigolos, homosexualists, sadists, megalomaniacs seem to have come into their own! But most assuredly not for long.

POMPOUSLY to falsify seems to remain the most miraculous of Nicholas Murray Butler's presidential qualities. When the Times saw fit to print its two-column report, with the headline, "Dr. Butler Scores Radicals for Talk of Wide Poverty," all but the totally blind noticed that on the same front page there was an item headed, "Richberg Predicts 5,000,000 Families Will Be On Relief." But since Butler cited "facts" the ill informed reader may have been misled to doubt his own senses. To support his argument that

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"The distribution of wealth in the United States, while yet by no means all that it might well be and will be, is nevertheless very wide indeed," Butler asserts, for instance, that there are 15,000,000 owners of corporate securities in the country. We have subsequently read Paul H. Nystrom's (of Columbia University) *Economic Principles of Consumption.* He maintains there are about 3,000,000, and further goes on to say that workers and farmers own about 2 percent of corporation capital. Nystrom also estimated that in "normal" times there were about 9,000,000 persons living below the subsistence minimum. Butler continued by declaring that 14,000,000 families, half of the country's total, own their own homes. Butler conveniently forgets mortgages and other liabilities, but even at that we have it from Edith E. Wood, leading housing authority, in *Current History,* Nov., 1933, that "Perhaps 10,000,000 homes in America, if judged by standards of decency, should be scrapped." But to Butler a home is a home, whether it be Schwab's mansion or a sharecropper's hut. Butler would further have us believe that "two out of three families, at the time of the last Federal census were with telephone and electric service." As a matter of fact, however, 7,500,000 families in the United States live in homes which have neither electricity nor gas, and about 10,000,000 in 1929 had no water service. And the average consumption of those homes wired is nearly 80 percent below that of fully equipped homes. Furthermore, the distribution of wealth in the United States is so wide that Robert R Doane, author of *The Measurement of American Wealth* in the New Outlook for November, 1933, came to this conclusion: "In the year 1929, the greatest year of prosperity of all time, more than 40 percent of the population were then living at, or below, the bare subsistence level. While the year 1932 witnesses fully three-fourths of the great American population at, or below, the minimum standard of health and efficiency level."

IT IS hard to conceive what an intellectually honest member of Columbia's economics department would think of Butler's "facts." (We know the opinion of Donald Henderson, dismissed from Columbia for radicalism, and recently the organizer of the Seabrook farm strike in which almost 900 workers fought for weeks.) Butler, however, has more potent economic advisers than those in his faculty. He can get his facts and ideas directly from such Columbia Trustees as Stephen Baker of the Bowery Savings Bank, Frederic R. Coudert and Thomas J. Watson of the Chase National Bank, Marcellus Hartley Dodge of Remington Arms, Alfred E. Marling of the Title Guarantee and Trust Co., and David H. Houston of U. S. Steel, A. T. & T., etc. To bless his complacently culled wisdom of the ages he can always get his Trustee and quite Right Reverend William T. Manning. And to think that it was an honest workingman, a Paterson, New Jersey, mechanic, who fathered Nicholas Murray Butler!

ON August 30 suit was brought against the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers, charging it with monopolizing the nation's popular music and demanding its dissolution as a body acting in violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. The suit linked the A. S. C. A. P., whose membership consists of 969 leading composers and 97 leading publishers, with 2 other societies, the Music Publishers' Protective Association and Music Dealers' Service, Inc., both of whose memberships are solely publishers and dealers. It charged that by means of conspiracy among the defendants, competition had been eliminated between copyright owners in the sale of licenses to radio broadcasting stations and public performers, and that the society had gained, through a pool of individual copyright monopolies, the powers "to dictate the manner in which radio broadcasting stations may be operated." It also charged, of course, that the society, possessed of a complete monopoly of the right to license, had been fixing arbitrary and unreasonable fees. Basically, the suit aims, as Gene Buck, president of the A. S. C. A. P. has stated, "to deprive the creators of the country's music of effective protection of their property rights against piracy by unauthorized use of their works for the profit of others." The "others" referred to are mainly the radio broadcasting chains. Interestingly enough it is not these chains that have brought the suit against the A. S. C. A. P.

THE plaintiff in this case is the United States Government, acting through Attorney-General Cummings. Thus has arisen what will be to liberals the surprising situation wherein the Rockefeller and Morgan-financed radio chains hide behind their "impartial" instrument, the State, and through the Government attack the economic rights of popular composers. What is perhaps more astonishing to liberals, who have never heard of the anti-trust suits against the Standard Oil and the Danbury Hatters' Union, is that two of the greatest monopolies and trusts in the United States are behind this anti-trust suit. And what is even more astonishing to liberals, is that the same government which officially relaxed the Anti-Trust Law through the N.R.A., and which has unofficially strengthened and extended the hold of the greatest monopoly trusts on American industry, is itself bringing charges for violation of the Anti-Trust Law against the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers.

"TUFFY" JOHNSON, sobbing out his little heart in a crying jag before two thousand employers of the N.R.A. who had gathered to hear his farewell speech in Washington, was up to form. Even the hard-boiled gentlemen of the press broke down and handed in their tear-stained copy to the desk announcing that if our President wants another figure as "colorful" he will have to go all the way down to Louisiana and draft that other great man of action, Mr. Huey Long. The reporters are right, "colorful" is the word. The General, after Roosevelt named him, started out in wonderful form and for the first three months or so looked like a man fighting bees. Washington became a madhouse, codes were drawn up, the N.R.A. was outlined, and the General himself went blustering about the country shaking his fist in the faces of even such heavy-weights as Henry Ford. The General was going to put through the N.R.A. program or split a gut. Well, evidently he did split something for during the last year it has become more and more evident where his heart had been all along. All the cracking down on the employers was sheer bluff and bluster. But it was not until he helped break the San Francisco strike and told assembled manufacturers that his "heart bled" for Mr. George A. Sloan, President of the Cotton Textile Institute, that he came right out in the open. We are glad to see him end his brief and turbulent career as head of the National Recovery Administration surrounded by tears and dead cats. There certainly is plenty of reason for both.

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DELEGATES-AT-LARGE

Limbach

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The Week's Papers

WEDNESDAY, Sept. 26—United States sues to regain $25,000,000 assets here of private Russian companies nationalized by Soviet Union. . . . This action interpreted as endorsing right of Soviet to confiscate private property, since assets were turned over to U. S. under recognition agreement. . . . New York bankers propose sales tax and salary tax in place of business tax if they are to lend money for city relief. . . . Roosevelt names Textile Labor Relations Board to probe textile conditions: one judge, one retired admiral, one "labor arbitrator." . . . A. F. of L. metal trades groups propose compromise craft union-vertical union plan at San Francisco convention. . . . Macaulay Publishing Company heads refuse to confer with strikers after agreeing to meeting. . . . New stock market margin rules due October 1 postponed until October 15.

Thursday—Bruno Hauptmann held in $100,000 bail on indictment charging Lindbergh ransom extortion. . . . George A. Sloan on behalf of textile industry accepts Winant Board "strike settlement." . . . Ambassador Troyanovsky will sail for Moscow in connection with U. S.-Soviet Union debt talks. . . . Morro Castle carried munitions on last ill-fated trip, witnesses admit before an inquiry commission. . . . Airmail lines, awarded contracts for carrying mail on competitive basis, now seek higher rates. . . . One out of every eight public buses in New York found defective. . . . Savings banks propose to lower interest rates soon. . . . Anaconda Copper Mining Company net earnings for the first six months of 1934 were $2,986,497 against loss in same period last year of $6,822,115.

Friday—China protests U. S. silver policy as harmful to her. . . . Federal Government will assume only "cooperative interest" with cities and states in furnishing relief, Roosevelt announces. . . . Richberg, new N.R.A. dictator, promises business "no sudden changes." . . . Literacy note: In Hauptmann indictment, clerk spelled it twenty times "Lindberg." . . . Protests from cotton garment industry lead Roosevelt to stay for two weeks decree ordering 10 percent reduction in work hours, 10 percent wage rise. . . . United Textile Workers officials exhort workers not to restrike but to appeal to Roosevelt against widespread discriminations against them. . . . Three thousand in fishing trade in Boston plan strike for more wages. . . . U. S. exports were 22 percent higher in first half of this year than in comparable period last year. . . . Ralph Stoltzmann, Chicago union official, arrested on murder charge growing out of slaying of dispatcher during bus strike. . . . Ryan "agrees to keep 40,000 longshoremen at work" in Atlantic ports pending report of Roosevelt-appointed committee, headed by Archbishop Hanna.

Saturday—Mayor LaGuardia signs city business and income tax bills. . . . Latter imposes 15 percent tax on Federal income taxes. . . . Capone habeas corpus proceedings fought by Federal officials in court. . . . Veterans of Foreign Wars at St. Louis convention launch "crusade against half million Communists who like marauders seek to seize our government." . . . Building trades split in A. F. of L. may result in secession of number of unions. . . Two hundred witnesses summoned by prosecution for Insull trial beginning Tuesday in Chicago. . . . A.A.A. plans controlled expansion of flax production to insure larger supply of linseed oil. . . . Seamen extend plans for strike despite Ryan "agreement." . . . Georgia Supreme Court refuses grant re-hearing for Angelo Herndon; appeal will be carried to United States Supreme Court. . . . Wholesale evictions started of those active in textile strike who live in Southern companies' shacks.

Sunday—Roosevelt proposes "capital-labor truce," meaning no strikes, no lock-outs; apparently forgetting San Francisco, textile strike, other strikes, says year has been industrially more peaceful than any comparable period. . . . Police in New York slug demonstrators protesting against playing of Fascist Militia Band. . . . A. F. of L. on eve of San Francisco convention asks permanent but revised N.R.A. . . . Socialists start New York State campaign with attack on New Deal. . . . Sergeants taking forthcoming police department examinations for lieutenant must for first time pay $4 fee. . . . Cotton garment industry strike, due October 1 postponed by union leaders. . . . St. Louis Cardinals win National League Pennant. . . . Once wealthy Chicago broker, Samuel J. Cerf, commits suicide because he and wife were starving. . . . "Reds" are spending $2,000,000 a month in United States to overthrow capitalist system, says Rev. Earle G. Griffith.

Monday—Green endorses Roosevelt "labor-industry" truce at opening address at convention, which applauds loudest and longest first time word "strike" is mentioned. . . . Johnson says tearful farewell to N.R.A. . . . Veterans of Foreign Wars convention hear Representative Patman demand immediate cash bonus payment. . . . Alabama charges two men with seeking to bribe Victoria Price in Scottsboro case. . . . Charles H. Tuttle, former U. S. Attorney, blames laxity of Federal government agencies in enforcing safety regulations for Morro Castle disaster. . . . Railroads begin plea before Interstate Commerce Committee to effect an increase in freight rates by $172,000,000 a year.

Tuesday—United States Steel Corporation official tells Steel Labor Board at Pittsburgh company union is 'fair" and concern will maintain anti-union stand. . . . Naval officers to be assigned to merchant ships as inspectors and instructors to prevent Morro Castle disaster repetition. . . . Weirton Steel Company coerced workers in recent election to select employe representatives, workers charge. . . . National Guard called to Rome, Ga., in 12 week foundry strike which tied up city entirely. . . . Tear gas bombs to be used in seeking to evict 72-year-old woman and daughter in Hackensack over mortgage default. . . . Four jurors chosen as Insull trial opens in Chicago. . . . New York Supreme Court ruling permits home work banned by N.R.A. . . . United States expenditures are at the rate of half a billion dollars monthly. . . . Government finds bootlegging is still rampant despite repeal. . . . Isidore Begun, chairman of the executive board of the Unemployed Teachers' Association, nominated for Comptroller by New York Communist Party.

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Plotting the American Pogroms

2. *"The Jews Must Be Destroyed!"*

JOHN L. SPIVAK

THERE IS an air of mystery on the seventh floor of 139 East 57th Street, New York City. Well dressed men and women enter and leave Room 703. Sometimes they carry brief cases and look intent and serious. To the observer who wanders onto this floor, Room 703, the entrance to a suite, is just another office in an office building, possibly a private office because there is no firm's or individual's name on the glass door. Those running this office do not want any names on their doors, they do not want too many people to know that this is the headquarters of the secret society for spying on "Jews and Communists," the Order of '76.

There are a wooden bench and several desks in Room 703. To the right as you enter are two more rooms, each with desks at which serious looking men sit studying papers; and to the left, Room 704, is another office, the one where the files are kept and where Royal Scott Gulden, of the mustard king family, acts as secretary of the espionage society and as director of spreading the "hate the Jew" creed. It is an exclusive organization, this one on the seventh floor of the building. It takes into its membership only men and women in the "higher strata" of the military, business and political "worlds of the country." They want to "save America from falling into the hands of the Jews and the Communists."

Gulden himself is a neatly dressed, middle aged man with graying temples, thinning hair and washed-out gray eyes. He was at his desk, heaped high with letters and clippings when I walked in. The two men with whom he was talking turned around quickly while all of them looked at me with a startled air. Strangers do not wander into these offices by accident. Gulden raised his eyes interrogatively, a pleasant smile spreading over his pale face.

"My name is Spivak—John L. Spivak of the New Masses—"

The two men with Gulden closed in on me almost automatically.

"The New Masses!" Gulden exclaimed. "The New Masses! He's from the New Masses!"

He was addressing no one in particular. It was just the exclamations of a startled man who automatically keeps on talking until he can gather his wits.

"We're running a series of articles on the growth of anti-semitism in this country. I find that your organization has established an espionage system among Jews and Communists and carries on anti-semitic propaganda—"

"Well?" said Gulden coldly.

"I should like to interview you."

One of the men beside me started to laugh.

"You seem to know all about it," returned Gulden suavely. "You don't have to interview me." He turned to his desk.

"But I'd like to very much," I assured him sweetly.

He raised his head and looked at me steadily for a moment.

"All right," he said curtly. "What do you want?"

"These gentlemen?" I nodded to the two men still standing beside me.

"You want to know everything, don't you?"

"I know one of them. This man is Eugene Daniels who is supposed to have thrown the stink bomb in the stock exchange, isn't he?"

Daniels smiled embarrassedly. The head of the secret espionage order bowed gracefully.

"Pardon me. Mr. Daniels—Mr. Spivak. This gentleman is Mr. Hemple—Jonas Hemple. Now let's get down to business. I'm very busy. What do you want?"

"I just want to know why you believe in anti-semitism."

"I don't believe in anti-semitism," Gulden smiled. "I don't believe in measles either, but we have them. I don't believe in poison but you get it. It's the same with the Jews. We've got them. Our main work is patriotic, chiefly against Communism. And when we find that Communism and Judaism are one, then we fight Judaism."

The other men nodded. Mr. Daniels launched on a long dissertation to assure me that he did not mind the Jews. I finally had to explain that it was Mr. Gulden's views I was interested in. Mr. Daniels left.

"How did you discover that Communism and Judaism are one?" I asked.

"Oh, we got a barrel of clippings. . . ."

He rose to get a folder out of a file. I noticed a slight bulge on his right hip. I got up and patted it gently.

"What's this—a gat?"

Gulden turned upon me with a startled air. The mysterious and heavy set Mr. Hemple stepped quickly to my side. Gulden returned to his desk without the folder.

"Yes, a gun," he smiled, his washed-out gray eyes boring into me.

"What calibre?"

"Thirty-two, Smith and Wesson—"

He drew the revolver from its holster and placed it on his desk.

"You needn't be afraid," he smiled assuringly. "We don't hurt people—unless they hurt us," he added significantly.

"Maybe I'd better hold it then," I laughed.

Gulden smiled grimly. "I think maybe we'd better put it in my desk." He opened a drawer and deposited the pistol.

"Got a permit?"

He turned upon me irritably.

"Who the hell—"

"Got a permit?" I repeated .

"What the hell—"

"Let's see your permit!"

Gulden looked startled. Without further word he fished a billfold from his coat pocket and handed me his pistol permit: C 23609.

I don't know why this head of the espionage society should have obeyed my sharp tone unless men with guilty consciences always try to avoid trouble. The man seemed bewildered after he handed me his permit and for a space eyed me narrowly as though trying to decide whether he should answer questions or throw me bodily out of his office. Hemple broke the silence.

"Before we go on with this interview," he said quietly, "I'd like to ask you some questions about THE NEW MASSES. Where does

1933 NOV 14 AM 6 50

PRK 259

BERLIN 21 14 1032

LC GEORG SCHMITT HOTEL ASTORIA NY

HIER EINGEGANGENE WARNUNG VERANLASST NOCHMALIGEN HINWEIS

AUF GROESSTE ZURUECKHALTUNG NACH AUSSEN STOP ABSENDET BERICHT

AUGENER

The original cable of this evidence of Hitler's wide-spread anti-semitic and secret service operations in this country was destroyed immediately upon its receipt. This is a copy. It shows that Georg Schmitt who came to the United States ostensibly as a wine salesman after Spanknoebel's flight was really a secret agent of the Stahlhelm. The cable informs Schmitt that they have been warned he is being watched and urges him to use the utmost caution in transmitting his reports.

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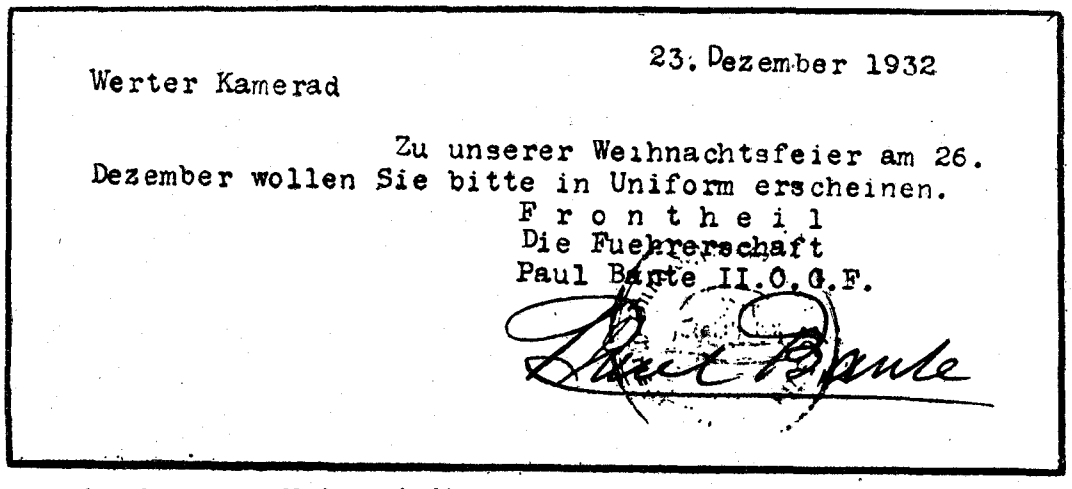

23. Dezember 1932

Werter Kamerad

Zu unserer Weihnachtsfeier am 26. Dezember wollen Sie bitte in Uniform erscheinen.

Frontheil
Die Fuehrerschaft
Paul Bante II.O.G.F.

An order to a secret Nazi agent in this country to appear at a function in full Nazi uniform. The order was signed by Paul Bante, one of the smugglers of anti-semitic propaganda who operates under the direction of Guenther Orgell, head of Hitler's secret service in the U. S.

it get the money to carry on and pay you?"

I leaned over secretively. "Are we talking confidentially now?"

Both of them nodded quickly.

"Moscow gold," I whispered. "There's a special consignment of one million dollars a month for THE NEW MASSES to pay its large staff. I get one hundred thousand dollars a week for my work—"

"Come on! Cut the comedy!" Gulden interrupted. "I don't know why I should answer questions, but I said I would, so let's get it over with. I want you to get this straight. We're not opposed to the Jews as Jews, but every Jew is a potential Communist, and both are breaking down the laws of the land."

"How do you know Jews are breaking the law any more than the Gentiles?"

"The Protocols of Zion prove it."

"I thought they were discredited."

"I don't care whether they're discredited or not. I don't care whether they're authentic or not. All I know is that they outline a program for the Jews to capture the world and that program is working out accurately and rapidly. If the protocols are forgeries, how did they guess what was going to happen today? I believe the protocols are genuine and events are proving their authority!"

"You think there's a conspiracy by the Jews to capture the world?"

"I absolutely do!"

"And that these Jews are financing the Communists?"

"Certainly. They are financing the Third International and the Soviets. And as evidence I give the statement of Mr. Schiff—"

"What Mr. Schiff?"

"The financier," said Gulden vaguely. "This Mr. Schiff loaned two or four million dollars to the Bolsheviks. I don't know the exact amount, but it was up in the millions. He bragged about it, I understand."

"Didn't Germany, whose government hates the Jews and the Communists as enthusiastically as you, also loan millions to the Bolsheviks—in the form of trade credits?"

"Yes, but they did it as a war measure—"

"They have extended credits since Hitler got into power."

Gulden turned irritably from me.

"I don't care what the German's do! That's their business! I'm interested in America."

"We'll get to that—" I started to assure him, when Mr. Hemple interrupted:

"The Jews must be destroyed. Even the Old Testament says the Jews must be destroyed. Jeremiah: 34: 'Behold, I will command, saith the Lord, and I will make the cities of Judah a desolation without an inhabitant.'"

"That seems to settle it," I agreed. "But what do you do for a living?"

"I smoke cigarettes and hang around here," he returned, with obvious distaste.

I turned again to Gulden.

"It's dawning on me that you don't like the Jews. However, there are millions of them. What does your organization think should be done with them?"

"They ought to be made to stop spreading their semitism in our faces. It's just a question of how long our patience will hold out." He hesitated, shrugged his shoulders and added, "I suppose history will repeat itself."

"What do you mean by that?"

"I mean the good old fashioned pogroms!"

"Your organization is in favor of pogroms against the Jews?"

"If I say that, I'll be liable to arrest, I assume," he said slowly. "But I will say this: we're trying to prevent pogroms by preventing the Jews from driving people to start pogroms against them. We must defend ourselves. If the Jews keep sweeping on, then we will defend ourselves. You can depend upon one thing: if pogroms are forced on us, we will not run away!"

"Forced on you!" I looked at him with amazement. "Are the Jews making pogroms against you?"

"Yes," he said heatedly. "The Jews are making economic pogroms against us. They are taking our businesses, our professions away—and if that continues pogroms will start. And when they do you can bet the Order of '76 will be there!"

He paused and added, "And I don't care if you do say that in your Communist NEW MASSES."

"I'll quote you exactly. But tell me, don't you realize that when this story comes out Jews will eat their hot dogs without Gulden's mustard?"

Gulden looked grave for a moment.

"In times like these," he said very seriously, "we must all make sacrifices."

Whereupon the interview continued:

"Are you connected in any way with the Nazi distributed anti-semitic propaganda in this country? The Nazis, as you know, would like to take it out on the American Jews for their boycotts and protests against the way the Jews are treated in Germany."

"We have no connection with the Nazis or the Germans in any way!" he exclaimed. "We are purely an American organization—"

At that moment, with the perfect timing of a dramatic stage entrance, a well dressed man of about thirty, with a Teutonic face, opened the entrance door, stepped to the doorway of the private office where we sat, threw his shoulders back, brought his feet together with a click and raised his hand in the Nazi salute!

Gulden and Hemple looked at me. Both of them smiled embarrassedly. I couldn't help letting out a loud laugh. My two hosts did not stir, so I raised my hand in an answering salute!

"Heil Hitler!" I said dryly.

"He's from THE NEW MASSES," Gulden explained quickly.

A flush spread over the newcomer's face. Without a word he turned and walked out as though fleeing from some pestilence. I looked at Gulden and started to laugh again.

"Tell me," I said, still chuckling, "isn't Col. Edwin Emerson, the Nazi agent in this country who first organized anti-semitism here on a national scale, a member of your secret order?"

Gulden hesitated a moment and then nodded.

"And you have a member by the name of Sidney Brooks, who is with the Republican Senatorial and Congressional Campaign Committee—"

"I've scarcely met him since he joined," he interrupted quickly.

"And you know that as a member of this organization he made mysterious trips to 17 Battery Place, where the German Consul General has his offices?"

"I don't know anything about that!"

Mr. Gulden was on the defensive, his face a little paler than its normal hue. Mr. Hemple had lost his superior smile and leaned forward, studying me with a puzzled air.

"And you knew that this Brooks is really the son of Col. Emerson, and this Brooks brought Pelley of the Silver Shirts to you to merge—"

"We never merged with the Silver Shirts!" Gulden exclaimed. "I can prove it to you! I'm even willing to let you see our correspondence with them. There is no such letter or document—"

"The letter regarding that is not in your file," I assured him. "I have it."

Gulden's washed-out eyes seemed to water.

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"Invisible Government"

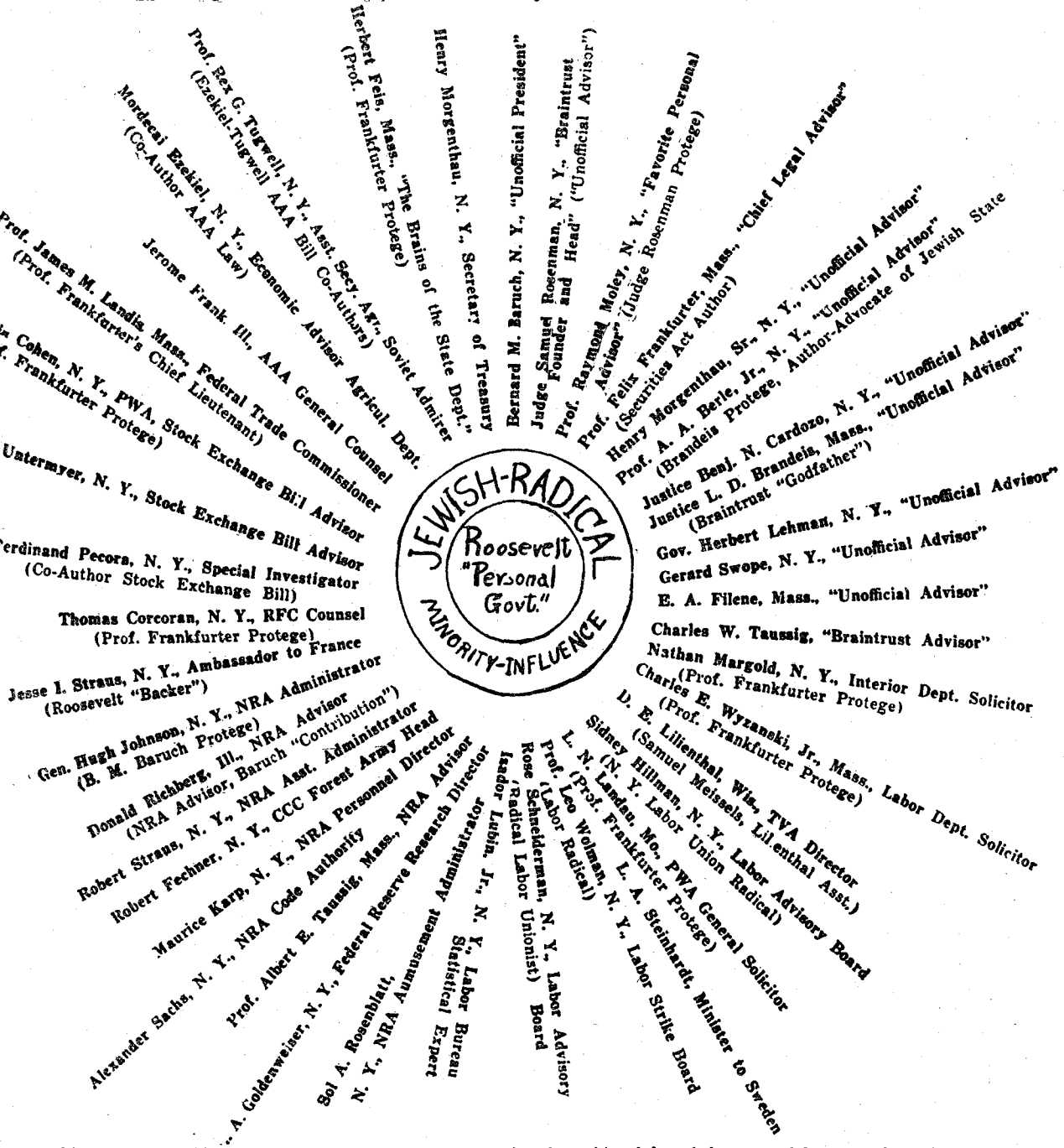
The Hidden Autocratic Minority Menace to American Democracy

(A Graphic Analytical Politico-Economic Picture for Our Clientele)

(Note) The American Hebrew of May 11 published an article captioned "Exploding the Myth of a Jewish Hierarchy," claiming that no "Jewish Control" exists at Washington because: "Of 11 Cabinet Officers only one is a Jew; the "Little Cabinet" has 25 members, but not a single Jew; of 96 Senators, not one is a Jew; among 435 Congressmen, only 10 are Jews; of 9 Supreme Court Justices, only 2 are Jews . . . less than 30 Jews are a part of the Federal Personnel, approximating 1,000 members in official prominence," etc.

By contrast, holding hidden powerful posts without responsibility or accountability, not only do "unofficial advisors" constitute the greatest minority menace to political majorities, but they form that "invisible government" which ruthlessly directed the destinies of many nations, by war and secrecy, before the birth of the American Democratic Government of, by and for the People.

The picture below shows an incomplete list of 11 unofficial "powers behind" Roosevelt Leadership, as well as 20 "official" others "surrounding the throne," including so-called "proteges," "collaborators," "appointees," who are all apparently under Jewish-Radical Minority-Influence—the "titles" and other descriptions used being taken mostly from Jewish publications, Congressional, Associated Press and other public records:


JEWISH-RADICAL
Roosevelt "Personal Govt."
MINORITY-INFLUENCE
Prof. Rex G. Tugwell, N. Y., Asst. Secy. Agr., (Ezekiel-Tugwell AAA Bill Co-Authors)
Herbert Feis, Mass., "The Brains of the State Dept." (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
Henry Morgenthau, N. Y., Secretary of Treasury
Bernard M. Baruch, N. Y., "Unofficial President"
Judge Samuel Rosenman, N. Y., "Braintrust Founder and Head" ("Unofficial Advisor")
Prof. Raymond Moley, N. Y., "Favorite Personal Advisor" (Judge Rosenman Protege)
Prof. Felix Frankfurter, Mass., "Chief Legal Advisor" (Securities Act Author)
Henry Morgenthau, Sr., N. Y., "Unofficial Advisor"
Prof. A. A. Berle, Jr., N. Y., "Unofficial Advisor" (Brandeis Protege, Author-Advocate of Jewish State
Justice Benj. N. Cardozo, N. Y., "Unofficial Advisor"
Justice L. D. Brandeis, Mass., "Unofficial Advisor" (Braintrust "Godfather")
Gov. Herbert Lehman, N. Y., "Unofficial Advisor"
Gerard Swope, N. Y., "Unofficial Advisor"
E. A. Filene, Mass., "Unofficial Advisor"
Charles W. Taussig, "Braintrust Advisor"
Nathan Margold, N. Y., Interior Dept. Solicitor (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
Charles E. Wyzanski, Jr., Mass., Labor Dept. Solicitor (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
D. E. Lilienthal, Wis., TVA Director
Sidney Hillman, N. Y., Labor Advisory Board (Samuel Meisels, Lilienthal Asst.)
L. N. Landau, Mo., PWA General Solicitor (N. Y. Labor Union Radical)
L. A. Steinhardt, Minister to Sweden (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
Prof. Leo Wolman, N. Y., Labor Strike Board
Rose Schneiderman, N. Y., Labor Advisory Board (Labor Radical)
Isador Lubin, Jr., N. Y., (Radical Labor Unionist)
Sol A. Rosenblatt, N. Y., Labor Statistical Bureau NRA Aumusement Administrator Expert
A. Goldenweiser, N. Y., Federal Reserve Research Director
Alexander Sachs, N. Y., NRA Code Authority
Prof. Albert E. Taussig, Mass., NRA Advisor
Maurice Karp, N. Y., NRA Personnel Director
Robert Fechner, N. Y., CCC Forest Army Head
Robert Straus, N. Y., NRA Asst. Administrator
Donald Richberg, Ill., NRA Advisor (NRA Advisor, Baruch "Contribution")
Gen. Hugh Johnson, N. Y., NRA Administrator (B. M. Baruch Protege)
Jesse I. Straus, N. Y., Ambassador to France (Roosevelt "Backer")
Thomas Corcoran, N. Y., RFC Counsel (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
Ferdinand Pecora, N. Y., Special Investigator (Co-Author Stock Exchange Bill)
Samuel Untermyer, N. Y., Stock Exchange Bill Advisor
Benjamin Cohen, N. Y., PWA, Stock Exchange Bill Advisor (Prof. Frankfurter Protege)
Prof. James M. Landis, Mass., Federal Trade Commissioner (Prof. Frankfurter's Chief Lieutenant)
Jerome Frank, Ill., AAA General Counsel
Mordecai Ezekiel, N. Y., Economic Advisor Agricul. Dept. (Co-Author AAA Law)

Thus "surrounded," how can any "leadership" even acquire the unbiased knowledge essential to sound administration? **(Note the great geographical over-representation of the East, New York alone apparently "contributing" more than 70 per cent.)**

By transferring its supreme power to the Roosevelt Personal Government Administration, Congress not only abdicated, but in accepting such high authority, Roosevelt Leadership automatically became accountable for subsequent administrative and legislative acts.

Do Americans want "INVISIBLE Government"?

Robert Edward Edmondson

Investment-Economist
(Est. 1903)

Edmondson Economic Service
80 Washington St., Tel. Whitehall 4-5232,
New York, N. Y.
May 18, 1934

The open anti-semitic propaganda distributed by the Edmondson Economic Service of Washington, D. C., and New York to its clients under the guise of being financial "news." This particular propaganda was supplied in large quantities to the Order of '76 for distribution to members.

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A haggard look appeared in them. Hemple sighed audibly.

"You don't know anything about organizing an espionage system, do you?"

"I was with the Department of Justice—"

"That's fine—but you don't really know anything about organizing an espionage system, do you? What I'm driving at is that you got someone to direct this spy system for you, didn't you?"

"I did not!"

"Didn't Emerson send a man named Fritz Duquesne to you?"

Gulden did not answer.

"Did you ever meet Duquesne, the German war time spy?"

"Yes, he came up here one day."

"What for?"

"Oh, I don't know. He just wanted to look me over, I guess."

"Why should he want to look you over?"

"I don't know!" he exclaimed irritably. "Who the hell are you to ask me all these questions!"

"Just an American citizen interested in finding out how much money you are getting from a foreign government to carry on anti-semitic propaganda in this country!"

"I never got a nickel from the Germans! I wish I had!" he exclaimed. Gulden rose and began to pace nervously about the room. It was quite evident that the secrecy in which the society had veiled its movements was not so secret.

"How long did you spend with Duquesne?"

"Oh, maybe ten or fifteen minutes."

"Actually you were with him for two hours, weren't you!"

Gulden looked worried. He did not answer.

"Isn't it rather strange that this hundred percent 'patriotic' organization is so close with German spies and secret service men in this country in the dissemination of anti-semitic propaganda?"

"We will cooperate with anyone who will help to drive out the Jewish pest!" he said vigorously.

"Then you are cooperating with the Nazis?"

"I didn't say that!"

"You have been distributing anti-semitic propaganda smuggled off German ships, haven't you?"

"No!"

"When did you see Duquesne last?"

"I haven't seen him since he was here. I haven't any knowledge of him at all!"

Gulden swallowed and scratched the gray hairs on his temple.

"You've been in touch with him at 51 West 46th Street recently,—"

"Forty-one—" Gulden said automatically, and caught himself.

"That's right," I laughed.

Gulden's pale face had turned a purplish hue. He was livid with fury.

"If you want to talk to me any more, you'll have to show me authority or take me into court!" he shouted. "I've said all I intend to say. I've said enough!"

"Yes, you've said enough," I agreed and rose.

IT IS this man Gulden's organization of super-patriots, whose membership includes federal, state and city government officials, which cooperates with paid Hitler agents in the distribution of anti-semitic propaganda.

On February 6, 1934, there was a great deal of publicity about 300 pounds of anti-semitic propaganda which had been discovered on the German freighter Este. The propaganda was in burlap bags, addressed and ready to be mailed as soon as it was smuggled off the ship. It was confiscated, but neither customs officials nor the federal secret service knew or know who is behind and directing this smuggling nor how widely spread it is.

And at this point in our revelations we come to the head of the German foreign secret service in this country, a man sent to the United States by the USCHLA, the German secret political police. He was one of the best operatives in the German secret service. Not even Col. Edwin Emerson, who was sent here to organize anti-semitism in this country on a national scale, knows this man's fullest importance. All he knows is that when he commands they are supposed to obey—quickly.

This man is Guenther Orgell of 606 West 115th Street, New York City, ostensibly employed by the Raymond Roth Co., 25 West 45th Street, as an electrical engineer; and his official connection with the German groups in this country is only as secretary of the United German Societies. This head of the Hitler secret service in this country keeps his records and instructions from abroad in a well hidden house at Great Kills, Staten Island. The telephone number, in case federal operatives want to communicate with him, is Honeywood 6—2317.

That Nazi anti-semitic propaganda is being smuggled into the United States has been known for some time. The propaganda enters chiefly through the ports of New York and Baltimore on the East Coast and through San Pedro, Cal. and Portland, Ore., on the West Coast. At the same time these German ships on which propaganda is sent to this country, are being used to carry secret reports to and from the propaganda minister and the USCHLA.

Let me take the reader on a trip in which secret reports on the progress of anti-semitic plotting are sent and received.

It is twenty minutes to ten on the evening of March 16, 1934. Germany's Queen of the Seas, the North German Lloyd ship Europa is preparing to sail at midnight. The gaily illuminated boat is filled with men and women, many in evening dress, seeing friends off to Europe. German stewards, all of them members of the ship's Nazi Gruppe, stand about bowing, smiling, but watching every passenger and visitor carefully.

People wander all over the boat. Many visit the library on the main promenade deck, which has a German post office. There is a great deal of laughter and chatter and into this scene, dressed in an ordinary business suit, strolls Guenther Orgell, carrying a folded newspaper in his hands. He catches the post office steward's eye. Not the slightest sign of recognition passes between them or shows on either face. Orgell casually takes four letters from his coat pocket and hands them to the steward, who as casually slips them into his pocket. There are no stamps on the letters.

Still so casual in manner that the average observer would not even have noticed the passage of the letters, Orgell wanders over to a desk in the library and rapidly writes another letter — so important, apparently, that he dared not carry it with him in the event of a mishap. The letter is sealed and handed to the steward.

The library has a great many visitors. No one seems to be paying any attention to this visitor or passenger talking to the steward. With a quick glance around him, Orgell takes in everyone in the library and seems satisfied. Again he catches the steward's eye. This time he nods. The steward opens a closet in the library, the second one left of the main aisle on the port side of the ship towards the stern of the boat (I give these details, but I imagine that before the federal authorities can examine the Europa on her next visit here, whatever may be in that closet will have been removed). A thin package is taken from its hiding place and quickly slipped to Orgell, who covers it with his newspaper and leaves the ship promptly.

German secret instructions have been sent and received—in violation of the federal laws!

Most German ships entering the Port of New York arrange social evenings on board when anywhere from several hundred to several thousand persons are entertained. At the conclusion of these parties so many people leave that it is impossible to keep track of them and in that crowd much of the propaganda is smuggled off by specially chosen Nazi agents. At other times, the propaganda comes consigned to "respectable" addresses. Each ship has a specific address or collection of addresses to which material is sent. The S.S. St. Louis, which docks at Pier 86, for instance, in case customs officials are interested, has its anti-semitic propaganda wrapped up in neat packages and consigned to the German Book Import Co., 27 Park Place, New York City, or to A. Bruderhausen Bookshop, 15 West 45th Street, New York City.

The German ministry of Propaganda, however, does not always dare to take a chance on being caught by addressing anti-semitic propaganda to respectable book shops. It prefers to have it smuggled in in the dead of night when customs officials are asleep on the job. And this procedure is under the personal direction of Guenther Orgell, foreign secret service agent for the German Foreign Office. Orgell uses men as aids who were German war veterans, have proved their allegiance to Hitler and are active in anti-semitism and

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pro-Fascism in this country. Orgell himself is in constant communication, via North German Lloyd and Hamburg-American steamships, with Goebbels.

Whenever Orgell needs trusted men to take messages to and from the boats as well as to smuggle off material he usually calls upon the American branch of the Stahlhelm, or Steel Helmets, which drills secretly in anticipation of Der Tag in this country. Only when he feels that he may be watched, or only in the event of the most important messages does he go aboard the ships personally. Orgell's liaison man in the smuggling activities is Frank Mutschinski, a painting contractor of 116 Garland Court, Garritsen Beach, N. Y.

Frank Mutschinski first entered the country on June 16, 1929, from Germany on the S.S. George Washington. He was commander of one of the American branches of the Stahlhelm, which had offices at 174 East 85th Street, New York City. While he was in command, he received his orders direct from Franz Seldta, at present minister of labor under Hitler. Seldta at that time was in Madgeburg, Germany. Branches of the German Stahlhelm, all of which are intensively carrying on anti-semitic propaganda, were established by him and Orgell in Rochester, Chicago, Philadelphia, Newark, N. J., Detroit, Los Angeles and even one in Toronto. The various branches are in constant communication with one another, disseminate the hate-the-Jew propaganda in unison, though each one operates autonomously on direct orders from Germany.

In Orgell's smuggling activities he needs aid and his chief assistant, Carl Brunkhorst, was supplied by Mutschinski. It was Brunkhorst's job to deliver the secret letters. The smuggling in of Nazi uniforms in this country, as well as the job of handling the secret letters, is in the hands of Paul Bante of 186 East 93d Street, New York City. Bante is a member of the 244th Coast Guard as well as the New York National Guard!

There is much more about the smuggling into this country of anti-semitic propaganda, the ships, the men who participate in them, the smuggling and distribution, but space must be saved for other and equally startling evidence in the nation-wide web being woven by Nazi and American agents.

In next week's article Mr. Spivak will present evidence that wealthy Jews have been contributing money which was used for anti-semitic propaganda and show how American "patriotic" organizations are spreading the "Hate the Jew" creed as a means of collecting money. The organizations and those who contribute to them will be named.

Senator Nye Shadow-Boxes War

MARGUERITE YOUNG

WASHINGTON.

"I WONDER just how much more America will stand from these munitions men! When the people are on the verge of tears and of revolution—well, I just wonder how much more they'll stand for!"

Gerald P. Nye was thinking out loud. Thinking with deep chagrin of the testimony he and his fellows on the Senate munitions committee had received a few hours earlier from the DuPont Dynamite Dynasty. Some of the record of that testimony was spread out before the youthful chairman on his magnificent glass-topped desk. He was gazing beyond this, however, peering at a big black photostat covered with white figures relating how DuPont war profits were converted into an industrial domain that rings the earth with everything from DuPont cellophane and autos to DuPont movie film and newspapers. It was not the enormity of this empire-that-munitions-built that struck the Senator, however, not its implications of its owners' ever more inexorable necessity for more markets, portending new wars and still more DuPont war profits. It was a comparatively minute circumstance, the fact that the DuPonts had blandly protested against a "retroactive" war tax upon the cornerstone of their corporate structure.

"Think of it!" the Senator cried. "Think of what Mr. DuPont forgets when he comes here whining about that tax! Why, he forgets that those profits couldn't have been if there hadn't been a certain hotheadedness in the Balkans. . . . "

"Hotheadedness in the Balkans—!" I gasped at the implication that it was *this* that caused the World War. It was more striking than his innocent coupling of those antithetical "tears and revolution." But before I could protest, he was cantering along five miles ahead. I could only think.

Here spoke the country editor of a bygone decade—here, despite his marble mantle, deep carpet, and photographic mementos of nine years' laboratory practice in realpolitik, sat a Galahad of the Prairies, generating dangerous illusions with the same elan as that with which he once charged the journalistic heavens of Iowa and North Dakota with a liberal pen that roused the hope of paradise among the farmers—but which didn't keep the bankers from their door.

"I say Mr. DuPont forgets that his profits couldn't have been except that this hotheadedness in the Balkans led to strife all over Europe, and brought an urge in America to profit from that strife, which led to the loading of munitions on at least one great liner for a warring nation, which resulted in the loss of hundreds of lives, whereupon the will of the American people demanded that we defend our honor which was assailed when this ship carrying our colors was sunk, and therefore Congress backed the President to the extent of declaring war in defense of the honor. . . . "

"And in defense of the profits, Senator?" I managed as he caught his breath and continued: "And in defense of American profits! And most of all Mr. DuPont forgets how Americans rallied to back the President. . . . "

One wondered whether that reminder was intended for the interviewer instead of for Mr. DuPont—but there was no use in trying to cut in. This was a speech and it would be finished. . . .

" . . . to back the President and Congress, and Mr. DuPont forgets how thousands gave their lives and thousands more surrendered their loved ones, and now every community is rife with reminders of what this, according to the will of the American people, did to the minds and lungs and bodies of thousands, and how it deprived millions of the ability to gain wealth and happiness for themselves. These are some of the things that gave Mr. DuPont his profits! Which, invested in almost every worthwhile industry, found their wealth during ten years multiplied many times over! So, I repeat, I just wonder what in the world the attitude of the people is going to be. . . !"

I decided at length to try some A-B-C questions, predicated upon accepting all the Senator's concealed assumptions, and this is what happened:

Q.—Does the evidence before you now, such as the testimony that the State Department advised munitions men to get an injunction to test an embargo on arms, suggest that governments of the status quo play errand boy to the munitions men? A.—Yes.

Q.—Does it suggest futility of government "control"? A.—It absolutely damns government control.

Q.—Then what is your proposal to remedy the situation? A.—Government monopoly, in ships, guns, chemicals and powder.

Q.—That will be your major recommendation? A.—Yes.

Q.—You're interested in preventing war, Senator? A.—Why, yes!

Q.—Then, assuming your entire Committee agreed to your recommendation for government monopolies, and assuming even that Congress enacted it, which you know it probably won't—assuming we actually had government monopolies, wouldn't that still leave the Du-

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Ponts with all these interests, with all these products for which they are continually seeking new markets, continually warring economically even in "peace times"? A.—That's right.

Q.—In fact, it would leave all the basic industries still fighting for export trade, for markets for products which are so closely related to the munitions business that actually they are owned largely by the same people? A.—Oh, if you wanted to put a government monopoly on for everything connected with war preparations, there'd just be no drawing the line. Everything is a potential war industry, for that matter. Take cotton, for example: innocent enough in peace times, but a war industry during war. But you've got to draw the line somewhere, so I'd say we should have monopolies for those four chief war industries, and control by embargoes and supervision on those not directly involved. Also, I'd write a wartime income tax to be all but confiscatory of wartime profits.

Q.—Senator, you referred to the "urge to profits" when you spoke of the World War—do you think the chief cause of war is that "urge to profits" in all industries rather than solely in munitions? A.—Yes, I think it's fair to say that that is the primary contributor to war. But it mustn't be forgotten that there are many lesser factors that might be instrumental in leading a people to war. Why, I can well imagine there are many industrialists who would welcome war because it would stave off revolution and an end of the capitalist sytem!

Q.—Well, since you mention it, aren't you really saying that the capitalist system is the real generator of war? A.—You can't reason along the lines we have without coming to that conclusion.

Q.—So what? Are you willing to throw over the system? A.—Yes—when we have in clear perspective the substitute. That may develop itself, or it may require considerable of strife in its accomplishment. Of course, I'd say it is increasingly evident that capitalism is not going to reform itself. I can see just one prospect that resembles a compromise, and that is to afford the people a more positive control.

Q.—But, Senator, only a moment ago *you* said that the evidence before you "damns government control" under the status quo. What kind of "control" do you mean now?

The answer had to do with government banking, but it was so tenuous and so bound by off-the-record speculations that one hesitates to go into it. I asked, on-the-record, whether government banking, like government-munitions-making, wouldn't result simply in the Morgans, Astors, DuPonts et al running down to permanent offices in Washington, to run things from inside rather than from outside the state apparatus, and reluctantly the Senator agreed it might be "merely a matter of time until that crowd got in."

And so we came to the twin of war, Fascism, and the revolutionary struggle against the pair. I described the program of the First and Second U. S. Congresses Against War and Fascism—the practical, immediate program of stopping munitions shipments on the docks; agitating for the transfer of all war funds to unemployment relief purposes and for replacement of the Hitleresque Civilian Conservation Camps by federal social insurance; supporting the total disarmament proposal of the Soviet Union; winning the armed forces to this program and enlisting women in homes and industries to its ranks; and forming committees of *action* in every part of the nation. And the Senator listened with such seeming sympathy that I did some wondering out loud also—I wondered what he thought of the revolutionary workers' anti-war suggestion that, all this failing to avert war, workers prepare to turn the DuPonts' muzzles away from the hearts of their fellow worker-soldiers, back upon the DuPonts and their kind.

"Well," said Senator Nye, "I guess that's one quick way to the goal—"

I gasped. Now I *was* surprised. At once, however, the Senator's words tumbled in the other direction— "And the goal is only greater equality of opportunity. *Another way* might be to destroy the element of profit in preparations for and in making war under militaristic programs that might well be the last bulkwark of capitalism."

It takes this kind of flexibility to hold down Senator Nye's job—and none could be more admirably fitted for it than this product of historical accident. He was a lean and zealous Non-Partisan League Editor when a Non-Partisan Governor, upon the death of a North Dakota Senator, appointed him to wear the toga innocuously until the Governor could take it; then death intervened to put the Governor out of the running and to leave a clear field to Nye. His Non-Partisan League ideals and support, however, didn't prevent his running to the White House to take Calvin Coolidge's bidding. His first national opportunity came with his appointment to the Teapot Dome investigating committee—of which he made the most—and out of which came nothing save the brief imprisonment of an enfeebled Cabinet bribe-taker and the elevation of the bribe-taker's Cabinet colleague to the Presidency. This President Hoover also knew the presence in the White House of a Nye in none too defiant attitude. Today the Senator is actively supporting the Roosevelt-Democratic candidate for Governor of North Dakota despite his months-long flailing at the National Recovery Administration—for which, incidentally, Nye voted!

It was Senator Nye, protagonist of "little business" and of "the farmers," who pressed the Roosevelt administration into setting up the Darrow Review Board to look out for N.R.A.'s slings at the "little man." But today when Senator Nye surveys the finding of Darrow Board Member W. O. Thompson that the squelching of the middle-class merchant, the gorging of monopolies, the browbeating of labor in an inexorable trend toward fascism are *inherent* in N.R.A., the North Dakotan is aggrieved.

I asked him whether he expected his investigation to show the Roosevelt drive toward Fascism and war.

"Oh," he flashed, "I don't think we can escape showing that!"

But there is a striking difference between this attitude and the face that Chairman Nye presents to National Broadcasting Company radio audiences, and it is this: the confessor of capitalism's willfulness toward war, becomes, before the microphone, the advocate of—"national defense!" The prize slogan of the jingoes! Then the berater of the "damnable game" of war-profiteering declares: "To stop it, we need *but* to remove the chance for men to make profit, at least great profit, from these programs for preparing for war and waging war." (Radio speech, September 1.) "If only we could accomplish military programs that are strictly programs of national defense, if only nations would confine themselves to defense and leave preparations for attack alone, what a blessing it would be and how much nearer we would be to that hour when the military would be nothing more than an emergency police power."

I gave Chairman Nye a copy of the call to the Second U. S. Congress Against War and Fascism and asked him to comment upon it. Two days later he returned it with: "This should be a well worthwhile conference. I cannot agree on the total disarmament proposal except as where may be world agreement accomplished. But this does not alter my belief that we can in the United States *very much* reduce our armament burden and still have an *adequate* national defense. It is unfortunate that there is not concentration of all peace efforts in the United States in one organization. To bring all together would be a good cause for the Congress at Chicago to urge."

Again! On the one hand a "worthwhile Congress"—but on the other hand, "*adequate* national defense." The typical reaction of the man who calmly nods at the "one way" suggestion of turning imperialist war into Civil war, but confines his own proposals to the Utopian shibboleths, embargoes, war-profit taxes, monopolies. Already the result is at hand—the jingo press is whitewashing "our" munitions men, in the holy name of "national defense," the concept that the Roosevelt administration is seriously investigating munitions and will "reform" it is being scattered over the land while the war contracts mount, military concentration camps turn up in strike territory, and the President proposes a wartime truce in the class struggle.

"We are getting tremendous response from the people," Senator Nye remarked naively, "and, you know, some of them seem to think we are going to slow down and soft pedal!" The next day the Committee suppressed five cablegrams the revelation of which, it said, would cause grave political consequences in South America. What these documents were which were concealed at the behest of Roosevelt's Secretaries of State and Commerce was not made known.

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New Women in Old Asia

JOSHUA KUNITZ

[*The first half of this article appeared last week.*]

LONG before Khoziat came to Tashkent, the Communist Party there had done a huge amount of work with the native women. The nature of this work is best given in the following statement of F. Marchenko, one of the leaders of the Woman's Department in Tashkent:

Our Department was organized on November 12, 1919, when the Regional Committee of the Communist Party adopted a resolution calling for the formation of special women's departments in all the Party committees in Central Asia. The purpose of these departments was preliminary education, agitation, and organization among the native women. However, the work at first moved along rather slowly.

The European, the Russian, women, the working women and the wives of working men in Tashkent did begin to stir, to show signs of life—now a meeting, now a lecture, here and there a political circle. But the native Uzbek and Tadjik women were neither seen nor heard.

Many a time Dvorkina and myself, seeing how well the work was progressing in the new, the European, section of the city, among the Russians, would say to ourselves: "This is not the main thing, the old city is still untouched."

The trouble was, we did not know the language. Another trouble, there were no Moslem women in the ranks of our Party. And it was only later that Dvorkina fortunately happened to come across Usupova, a Tartar woman. The latter had had a lot of trouble in her married life, and spoke bitterly of the lot of the Eastern woman. She seemed to us very promising, but we did not know at the beginning where to use her. She explained to us the local customs, the traditions; she also served as our tongue. We then decided to try first to draw in the Moslem women of the intelligentsia. We called two meetings. Quite a number came, but they all seemed to be half asleep. We made efforts to have elections for a special Moslem Women's Bureau, also to elect some for forming contacts with other Moslem women. But as soon as the meeting was adjourned, there was no bureau, and no one who was willing to do the necessary work. This was quite natural, since the crowd was rather well-to-do, without a touch of social consciousness, and certainly without any disposition to take part in great events.

All our pother came to nothing. We succeeded only in getting hold of a few Moslem women, chiefly Tartar women—Khusanbaieva, Fatikha, Redkina, Karimova, etc.

We failed badly with the intelligentsia. We therefore decided to begin from the other end, to begin with the poorest class.

Even before we arrived at Tashkent, there had been in the old city artels of women weavers. Usually, these women weavers were given the cheapest sort of cotton to work on. The wages were not paid regularly. And the prices they received were very low. Of course it might be better to sell their products at the bazaar; but, first, this was even less certain; and, second, one needed funds for the initial investment in cotton, spindles, etc. And so, these Moslem women, meek, ragged, would come, hand in their week's work, receive their miserable few copecks, and uncomplainingly go home to starve some more. Many of these women had whole families to support. Either the husband was sick, or there was no husband altogether. Such women, heads of families, are more independent, and tend to become more emancipated than the helpless women from the intelligentsia.

It was with this material that we began our work. We entered into an agreement with the Department of Home Crafts. We sent our representative to watch that our women got better cotton to work with; we won a higher price for the piece workers, and so on and so forth.

We then called a meeting of the women working in the artels. There was no trouble to get them to come. The place was like a bee-hive. Noise. Complaints. In the new city, milk is handed out for babies free of charge. No such thing in the old city. In the new city, a newly-born gets some clothes. No such thing in the old city. In the new city, they occasionally get a ration. No such thing in the old city. And so it was from the material side that we approached the native woman, and she of course gladly responded.

But what to do with the traditions that pressed like a yoke on the Moslem woman. We had to grope along. On the one hand we were advised not to wake the native woman, for it might complicate the political situation; on the other, we were being urged by some bold souls to proclaim the slogan, "Down with the *Paranja!*" Such "Down-with" radicals were unhesitatingly sat upon; age-old traditions cannot be knocked out by a straight from the shoulder blow. Let, in the meanwhile, the Moslem woman wear her *paranja*—that is nothing. What we have to do is to help her economically, to put her on her feet, to give her a chance to earn a livelihood. And perhaps she will herself begin to do things. To raise the economic and cultural level of the native woman, to help the Soviet government to find a way of doing it—these were the first steps. And here Dvorkina did everything possible. Not even one of the native women with whom we worked removed her *paranja;* though many of them were at congresses and in Soviets, both as members and delegates.

It was in this careful manner that, together with our work in the artels, we began to do a little cultural work—little plays and concerts preceded by meetings. We began to take our Moslem women to the new city—to the Lunacharsky House. These affairs attracted not only the poor women we had drawn into our ranks. Funny things would happen occasionally. Imagine a concert-meeting in the Lunacharsky House. The speakers and the performers are in the back of the stage waiting their turn. At the door stands our guard. Men are not admitted. While all around the house there are the Moslem husbands, watching whether it is really true that only women are allowed to the concert. And the women in the hall feel perfectly at home. Some are listening in a reclining position; some help the performer with her song. The kids too are here. Altogether, the thing is quite informal and gay. To these affairs we succeeded in attracting wives of most jealous and conservative husbands.

I recall only once an unpleasant incident took place. A few Hindoo comrades who were on their way to Moscow, to the Comintern, expressed a desire to bring their greetings from revolutionary India to the new comrades — the Moslem women of Central Asia. We should have warned the women to pull down their *paranjas* before we brought in the guests. But our guard failed us. The tall, graceful, handsome Hindoos, about thirteen of them, solemnly, slowly, one after another marched into the hall just as the women were at the height of informality. A cry of horror pierced the hall. The women dashed for safety. Many literally fell to the floor in an attempt to hide their faces. The thoroughly embarrassed and nonplussed guests were made to occupy the first rows and were instructed not to turn their heads. They must have felt terribly foolish to sit motionless for such a long time. They begged to be excused. Of course, their greeting to the audience of "coffins with black lids" had lost a great deal of its fervor.

Stories about our parties, our appeals, and explanations spread throughout the city, and penetrated far into rural districts. More and more women began to come to our Department—now it was a woman beaten by her husband, now it was a youngster forced into marriage. Weeping, at times bleeding, came old women, middle aged mothers, little girls; often on their knees, grasping at our skirts, seizing our hands, imploring for help. Willy-nilly we had to meddle in the intimate lives

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of these people. We tried to be cautious, tactful, not to arouse any resentment. Not infrequently, we had couples come. The husband, serious, morose, in one corner of the office; the wife, sobbing, in another; both demanding justice. We began to appear before the native judges, the *casii,* trying to combat their casuistry and their antiquated laws. And, I repeat, we never got into serious trouble with the native men.

The work of our Department was growing, its influence spreading. Between the years 1919 and 1922 scores of conferences and congresses were held. In 1920, the first trip of Central Asian women to Moscow took place.

This news caused a considerable sensation among the natives. Our message of woman's emancipation was penetrating to the villages. Women's clubs and schools were beginning to be opened in various sections of the country. The Central Executive Committee of Turkestan now felt the time ripe for making polygamy, forced marriages, and marriages of minors criminal offenses. Our labor was bearing fruit.

The Attack on Old Ideas

TO RETURN to Khoziat and Feizula. Tashkent, where the newlyweds went to live, was the center of European culture in Central Asia. It had a big European population (in the new city) with several modern educational institutions. It had a large and strongly organized working class, mainly Russian railway workers. As the capital of Turkestan, it was the first city in this part of the world to establish the Soviet regime, and was now the general headquarters of the Communist Party in Central Asia. From Tashkent as a center, the Bolsheviki had sent the Soviet Armies to wage their victorious battles against the counter-revolutionary government of Kokand and against the tyrannical government of the Bokhara Emir. When Khoziat came there in 1922, Tashkent was already in possession of a rich revolutionary tradition: a marvelous atmosphere for an eager convert. What was most important as far as Khoziat's personal development was concerned was the fact that Tashkent was at the heart of the woman's movement in Central Asia. However, just when she came to Tashkent and was drawn into the work, the Woman's Department was in a rather bad way. The main reason was, of course, the institution of the New Economic Policy. As a result of the Nep, the Woman's Department had to make fundamental readjustments in its method of work. Previously, students were being paid during their part-time apprenticeship in the schools, offices, and factories. The Nep, by abolishing this privilege, made the task of attracting Uzbek and Tadjik women students much more difficult. Then, again, with the establishment of the Nep, the state ceased to subsidize the artels. And without this support, the rather weak and inefficient women's artels, where the efforts of the Woman's Department were mainly concentrated, began to disintegrate.

On the other hand, as the Party was gaining in members and power, its attack on the old grew bolder and more determined. And one must bear in mind that not everywhere were the representatives of the Woman's Department as diplomatic and tactful as were Marchenko and Dvorkina. In many places the enthusiasts were forcing the issue, removing the *paranjas,* and losing their heads in the process. This naturally brought a sharp reaction. Resistance, at first passive and peaceful, began to assume more ominous forms. In Auliae-Ata, where Khoziat had been commandeered in 1924 to organize a woman's department, the mullahs lodged the following complaint against her before the Revolutionary Committee: "A certain woman in a red dress and a little cap seduces and corrupts our wives. We know that this is not a woman, but a man in disguise. We request that he be arrested in conformity with the laws of the Sheriat. If this is not done, we'll take the law into our own hands." To forestall violence, the Committee had to make a pretense at arresting Khoziat. She was then urged by the authorities to stop all propaganda which might result in serious trouble.

Hers was not by any means a unique case. Tadjik and Uzbek Communists were seized, beaten and forced to swear that they would make their wives wear the *paranja;* they were summoned to the mosque and were made to renounce their struggles against religion and custom. They and their kin were threatened with arson, ruin, ostracism. The fighters for the new life were being driven out of their homes and out of settlements. Parents of married women were taking them away from their Bolshevik husbands. Violence and terror spread throughout the land. Women who wished to study, who removed their *paranjas* were beaten, raped, murdered. Whole villages rose in brutal frenzy against those women. Even as late as the years 1927 and 1928, on the eve of Women's day, on the seventh of March, several scores of unveiled women were slain. From March to November, 1928, 250 unveiled women were slain in Uzbekistan alone.

One can go on recounting such cases by the hundreds. The point I am trying to make is that embattled forces of reaction were putting up a stiff fight. To carry on its work at all, the Woman's Department had to compromise a great deal. It is no exaggeration to say that the Soviet decrees of 1921 pertaining to marital relations were in many places simply not being enforced. It would have been suicidal to try to enforce them. In domestic relation cases the administration of justice was still largely in the hands of the beys and *casii.* The Communists had to be extremely cautious. They had to neutralize the provocative propaganda of the beys and the Mullahs.

This does not mean that the Department had suspended its work. By the end of the fifth year, 35 percent of the best workers of the Department were Uzbek and Tadjik women. The Department was winning the sympathies and often the cooperation of the poorest sections of the population. There were many amusing and curious cases. One afternoon a middle-aged Kirghiz peasant shambled into Khoziat's office and submitted a carefully written request. The request read something like this:

"I, being a poor peasant, have not the means to pay *kalym*—and get a wife. I, therefore, apply for your cooperation in that if you have some unmarried Kirghiz woman or one that has run away from her husband, I should be glad to marry her."

Khoziat had much trouble trying to get into his head that the Woman's Department was not engaged in supplying wives, arranging marriages, and that it did not keep in reserve a stock of old maids and run-away wives. He left the office terribly disappointed.

Invariably, male support of the work of Khoziat's department came from the poorest workers and peasants who could not afford to pay *kalym,* and who were therefore in favor of abolishing it. These people, too, were naturally in favor of doing away with polygamy. First, being poor, they had no hope of ever having more than one wife, however desirable that might be. Second, they realized that with the disappearance of polygamy, many more women would be available for the poor bachelors.

The usefulness of the legal division of the Woman's Department has been attested to by countless men and women of the poorer classes who came in contact with it. It had pushed through the Commission of Justice a statute granting a variety of privileges to women who had occasion to resort to the courts. For instance, on the Department's recommendation, domestic relations cases involving property were given first place on the court calendars. The State provided the women with legal counsel free of charge.

But legal aid and promulgating and popularizing laws that tended to emancipate the native women constituted only one phase of Khoziat's work. Of no small moment was her work in placing the Uzbek, Tadjik, Turcoman, and Kirghiz women into the Soviet apparatus, in working for their election into local or district Soviets and executive committees, in getting them jobs in the various industrial, commercial, and educational organs of the State, in drawing them into the Party, the Young Communist League, the Pioneer organization, in stimulating their active interest in the cooperative movement, in luring them into the Department's various voluntary social welfare and national defense groups. With the other officers in the Department, Khoziat supervised the conditions under which the women worked, tried to take care

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RED TEA HOUSE

of the unemployed women, and cooperated with the employment bureaus in placing them in jobs. Mainly, however, Khoziat's attention was focused on the cultural and educational fronts—schools, clubs, nurseries, hygiene, etc.

You see what the Woman's Department did for Khoziat. Precisely the same thing was being done for thousands of women throughout Central Asia. From the very outset, the Department began to agitate for women's schools, an idea unheard of in the old days! Why should a girl be taught to read and write, when even the male population was 95 percent illiterate, the remaining 5 percent comprising chiefly the clericals and their children!

To give the readers an idea of the type of girl student the Department attracted, I'll cite a number of cases told by Khoziat. First, the case of Zeinof Kariheva. When she was seven years old, Zeinof had been sold by her brother to a rich old bey. The transaction had taken place during the famine in Fergana, and the price the brother received was 18 puds of *moto* and a cow. Zeinof's life with the old bey was perpetual misery. Abused by her husband, persecuted by the two senior wives and their grown up children, the little girl behaved like a wildcat. Once, when particularly infuriated, she jumped at the husband's youngest son, Akhmed, and buried her nails in his face. The spoiled youngster let out one piercing, savage yell. The old bey then decided to teach Zeinof a lesson. He beat her so long and so methodically, that the child-wife lay unconscious for days. When she came to, Zeinof ran away from the house. She hid in the orchard for three days, until, driven by hunger, she made her way into the village. By sheer luck she ran into a group of Young Communists who upon learning of her plight collected some money among themselves and sent her on to Khoziat's Department. Khoziat had never seen anything quite so pitiful as this child when she was brought into the office. Blood-stained, bruised, shabby, trembling with anxiety and fear, she kept on crying: "I won't go back to my husband; his children beat me; my husband beats me when I don't look happy. . . . I won't go away from here." This was in 1924. Zeinof is now in her third year at the Tashkent University.

There was Abdunabaiva, who placed her children in nurseries and came to study.

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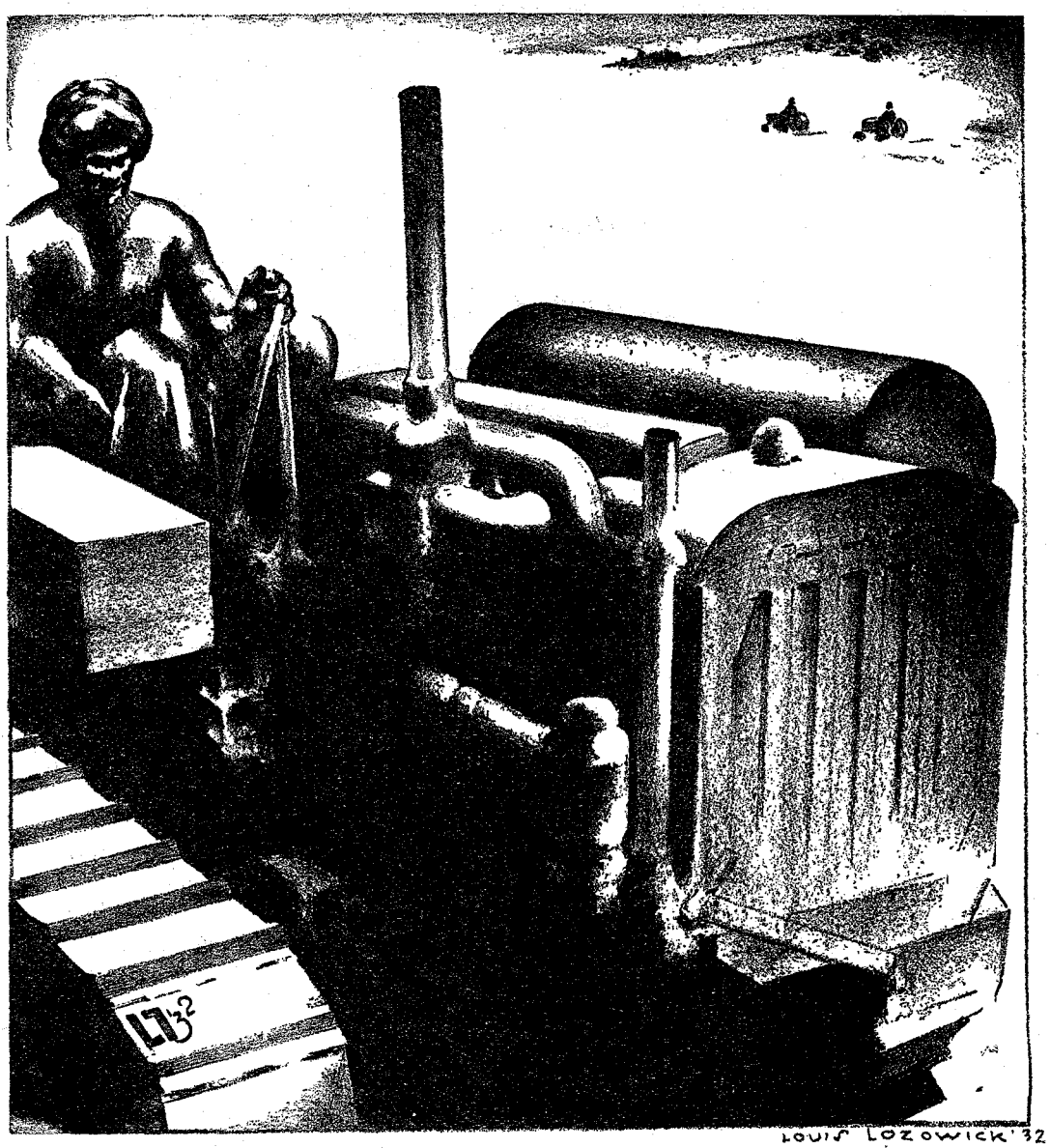
There was Kirghizbaiva, who had been given into marriage at the age of 14, but who had left her husband and came to the school. Kirghizbaiva had been sold in 1923 to an old husband. The first time she escaped, she was caught, beaten by her husband and his kin and severely wounded with a knife. After she recovered, she escaped a second time and came to Khoziat begging to be allowed to study. Mukhamed Alieva Khoirakhan had escaped from her husband who attempted to kill her, inflicting on her twelve heavy wounds with his pocket knife. She was still bleeding when she stumbled into Khoziat's office and collapsed. Alieva is now a member of the Party, and is being trained in the Party school for the job of Communist organizer.

Another important phase of the cultural work of Khoziat's Department was the opening of women's clubs; the main purpose being to draw the woman out of her seclusion. When Khoziat came to Tashkent, the first woman's club in Central Asia had already been organized there. It started with only fifteen Uzbek women. Within a couple of years the club boasted a membership of 426. It grew by leaps and bounds. Branches were opened throughout the cities and the villages. There are scores of such clubs now. Men are not allowed to enter the club rooms. This makes it easier to get the women in. At the beginning the women shunned the clubs, for fear that they might be forced to remove their *paranjas*. In its club propaganda, therefore, Khoziat's Department always stressed the point that membership was not contingent on unveiling. To make sure that the women would be tempted to come to the clubs, practical inducements were offered. For instance, the Tashkent club organized under its auspices a sewing artel which gave employment to a considerable number of women members. It established a medical service. Women members as well as non-members are encouraged to come and consult the Department's physicians. The women are taught how to take care of their infants. By means of talks, exhibits, posters, etc., they are introduced to the elementary principles of hygiene. They are given medicine free of charge. Now it is interesting to note that, while going to the club does not require unveiling, unveiling is the inevitable consequence of frequent visits to the club.

Owing to the agitation and pressure of the Woman's Department, Tashkent had in 1924 sixteen specialized medical schools: a school for trained midwives, another school for trained nurses, a school for doctor's assistants, a school for teaching hygiene, for dental hygienists, a pharmacy school, etc. While at the beginning the majority of students in these schools were Russians, the number of native women has grown enormously. The services these schools are rendering are of incalculable value.



RECLAIMING **THE LAND**

Emancipated Women

IT WAS midnight, but Khoziat was not even half-through with her story. By that time, most of us were too tired to ask questions, and one of the group even began to snore—true, quite unobtrusively and delicately, with sudden little starts, and brief pauses, but sufficiently pointedly to make Khoziat a bit self-conscious.

"I had intended to tell you of my work in Tashkent; it turned out, however, that I have told little about myself and a whole lot about the Woman's Department," she said apologetically. "This can be explained by two equally important reasons. The first is—I am a Communist; and this means that like all Communists, I mean real Communists, I am so absorbed in my work and so completely identified with it that when I speak of my work I actually speak of myself. My individual life, my personal emotions, and struggles, and sufferings are relatively of little importance and probably of less interest. So this is one reason. The other is that my recent personal life has been a rather painful one, and I naturally am reluctant to dwell on it. Still, since it throws some light on the psychological difficulties we emancipated women are meeting on our path, I will tell you a bit about it. You will recall I was a young, pretty, innocent, and eager creature when I came with Feizula to Tashkent. I had married Feizula, not because I was attracted to him, but because he was kind to me and my mother, and also because marrying him meant remaining in Kokand, meant continuing my studies, meant freedom. When we came to Tashkent, Feizula entered the University, while I divided my time between the Worker's faculty and the Woman's Department. I jumped into the hurly-burly of Tashkent life, meeting all kinds of men, working together or under the leadership of some of the most devoted and brilliant comrades in our Party.

"How did the comrades behave toward me?

"Before I answer this, let me give you the psychological setting, which, incidentally, I failed to understand at the beginning, a failure which has cost me no end of needless pain and suffering. Take first our men. The ancient Moslem attitude toward woman, the feeling instilled in every one since childhood that a woman who uncovers her face in the presence of strange men is a harlot, has so conditioned man's psychology in Central Asia as to make it impossible for him to react to an unveiled

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native woman in a manner that you Europeans would consider normal. This is true of all our men. Even our best, most sincere, intellectually most emancipated, and principled Communists reveal occasionally this psychological aberration. Even they betray at times the inability to suppress a reaction which in its immediacy is tantamount to a conditioned reflex; even they, albeit unconsciously, tend to assume that peculiar freedom of manner which men allow themselves in the presence of women of 'questionable character.' As a result we have a vicious psychological circle. It is generally the adventurous, daring, and, naturally enough, rather good-looking woman who flings aside her *paranja.* As a reaction to her previous enforced meekness, she now tends to become more self-assertive and unrestrained than is good for her. In her relations with the opposite sex she is helpless. Not having been trained since childhood to meet men, she has not built up the particular defenses which a woman needs if she is to meet men freely, on an equal basis. In her work she mingles among men without being emotionally prepared to ward off their equivocal remarks and persistent advances. Whenever she is in a mixed group, the atmosphere becomes charged —passion, jealousy, fear—much more so than you probably find among European men and women. The woman here needs a good deal of discipline and balance, particularly when her habitual defenses have been surrendered and no new ones have as yet been erected.

"In my own case this resulted in tragedy. Meeting men was to me a novel and thrilling experience. A compliment or an embrace was a grand experience. I lost my head. Being a good Communist, Feizula tried to overlook it. But after all, he *was* a Central Asian. For him to let his wife go out unveiled was a tremendous step forward. It was absurd to expect of him the tolerance which I now know is rare even among European men. He suffered terribly. He made jealous scenes. He even struck me on several occasions. He would then cry, and beg me not to bring it up before the Party nucleus. We argued, and discussed, and quarelled. Both young and inexperienced, this new freedom was too much for us. Later, when I began to understand the true nature of most of the compliments and the advances, I suffered doubly. I used to be hurt and insulted. Are these comrades? Are these Communists? I began to lose respect, I began to detest some of the best and most heroic fighters in our ranks. 'They are no better than the *basmachi,*' I often thought in my disgust. 'They are worse, because they have pretensions.' In the meanwhile, Feizula and I were becoming more and more estranged. You see, we were the victims of a transition period. In the tortures of our souls, in the fires of our passions a new morality was beginning to be moulded. The process is not over yet. Very many are still doomed to burn their wings in their heedless dash for freedom. However, these new ones have people like me and Feizula, people who have gone through the fire, to turn to for guidance and consolation.

"Often the first woman in a village to unveil determines the whole course of woman's emancipation in that locality. If she is too weak, she compromises the whole idea of unveiling. For in the eyes of the village, she is a loose woman, a slut. She compromises, not only the idea of woman's emancipation, but also every other social or economic or educational reform sponsored by the Communists. She plays into the hands of the counter-revolutionary elements who generalize her individual failing into an inevitable consequence of yielding to Bolshevik influence. 'The Bolsheviki are turning our women into harlots,' the enemies whisper. Thus hasty unveilings work at times irreparable harm to our cause. Small wonder we have learned to watch our step. Unless we are absolutely sure that the woman has enough character and intelligence to assume the responsibilities of a pioneer, we actually go to the length of discouraging her. We try to put a brake on impetuous decisions. This is particularly so in localities where the number of unveiled women is still small. For we Bolsheviki, while intransigeant in our aims, are yet, when necessary, patient in pursuing them. We gamble only when we are fairly certain of our chances. And, as I have already emphasized in dealing with cultural and psychological 'superstructures,' we often resort to Fabian tactics.

"By opening silk and textile factories, by opening cotton ginneries, by paying more than a woman can possibly earn in her primitive home crafts, by organizing relatively good kitchens and nurseries and dispensaries and clubs in the factories, we lure the woman out of her seclusion, gradually but irretrievably. This may not be as romantic as you first imagined, but it is more certain. Four or five weeks in a factory do marvels for the woman. And the man's objections and jealous fears subside, too, when he discovers that his wife's earnings add considerably to his family income. Also, by encouraging collectivization of agriculture, we enhance the process of woman's emancipation. In a collective farm each individual who works gets paid according to a specified norm. Equal work brings equal pay. The wife of a farmer in a collective knows exactly the extent of her contribution to the family purse; she can leave her husband and still be economically as secure as when she lived with him.

"It is on this base of changed economic and social relations that a new cultural life can be built, and with it a new psychology. We are a transition generation. Knee-deep in our feudal past, we are attempting to build our children's Socialist future. It is hard. Some lose strength and courage. But there are always others to take up the work. The Revolution forges ahead, freeing all of us, men and women of Central Asia, from the memory of a past that seems too horrible to have ever been real."

GOD'S A HAOLE*

Here in the Pacific,
Peace poises in the green of cane fields,
Lolls among the sweet grenades of pineapples,
And on the shores
Breaks with a lulled
And listless sound.

And here, listlessly,
The races meet and break,
Blend as the waters blend,
Absorb the stillness here,
And, like the wind, the rain,
Labor to the white man's ends.

God's a *haole*
With his hands in his pockets,
Jingling coins.

God's smile is a question mark
In a gardenia *lei.*
God has a bonus in his hands.

Now you see it,
Now you don't.

Plantation angels drip
Molasses into his palms;
And God, the alchemist,
Drips coins into a vault.

Cane stalks string his harp of gold.
This island is the harp,
The ten races are his fingers
Harvesting the symphony.

The antistrophe is plucked
On stalks of steel
In soldiers' hands.

Peace breaks on the reef;
And God is a *haole,*
Dove hunting in plus fours.

WALKER WINSLOW.

* Hawaiian for a white man. Pronounced how-a-lee.

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These Men Are Revolution

EDWIN ROLFE

I

These men are revolution, who move
in spreading hosts across the globe
(this part which is America), who love
fellow men, earth, children, labor
of hands, and lands fragrant under sun
and rain, and fruit of man's machinery.

These men are revolution even as
trees are wind and leaves upon them
trembling in a pattern which was
quiet a minute past, silent on stem,
immovable; just as all still things
grow animate like bow-stirred violin strings.

The power in men and leaves and all
things changeable is not within themselves
but in their million counterparts—the full
accumulation. These the world resolves
into men moving, becoming revolution
surely as blown seed takes root, flowers in sun.

2

These men are millions and their numbers
grow in milltowns, flow from coastlines,
buzz with the saws in lumber forests, rise
in cities, fields, to set the signal blaze.

Boys fresh from classrooms, their professors,
bid farewell to books read well and loved,
join the hard climb, pick up friend on the way
to a rarer earth attuned to a newer day.

And soldiers down rifles as workingmen gather
in cities, on squares, at the most dismal corners:
no mourners, but grim with the task of the hour,
the conquest of industry, Soviet power!

Come brother, come millhand. come miner, come friend—
we're off! and we'll see the thing through to the end.
There's nothing can stop us, not cannon not dungeon
nor blustering bosses, their foremen and gunmen.

We will return to our books some day,
to sweetheart and friend, new kinship and love,
to our tools, to the lathe and tractor and plow
when the battle is over—but there's fighting on now!

3

The tidal wave flowed first against the coast,
swept the Pacific, burst on Louisiana's gulf
bordering Mexico, and workmen's hearts glowed
with the fire of the fight.

The news spread eastward, dinned in Minnesota:
men wanted bread who strode across wheat fields.
Hands left the steering wheel, vehicle stalled
before filled granaries.

And southward: dusk-skinned men in Alabama
paralyzed plantation, joined with white brother,
emptied the mine shaft, silenced the clang
of pickaxe probing for ore.

Montana miners remembering Dunne
struck Anaconda, Rockefeller, copper;
and Foster's spirit in Pittsburgh, Gary, Youngstown,
swooped over steel mill.

Soon there will be no line on any map
nor color to mark possession, mean "Mine, stay off."
Brother, friend—and you, boss!—the tidal wave
sweeps coast to awakened coast.

4

You who would move, live freely among men,
regain lost grandeur, dignity and all
the varied riches of your worried toil:
observe America today: its fields
plowed under, trampled underfoot; its wide
avenues blistered by sun and poison gas,
its men grown reckless of bayonet and gun.
Regard the legion in your midst who hide,
hands twitching and empty, in hovels and see
their eyes grown dry, impotent of tears. . . .

Charter the next airplane, cross the continent,
see under you the colors of the map changing
as rivers crack the earth and bleak hills bulge,
their shadows darkening unlovely barren fields.
Heavy dust hugs the dry exhausted pastures;
chimney smoke rising from factory bears
the agonized sweat of driven men, it carries
the poison gas, it grasps their coughed-up lungs.
Their blood is dust now borne into the air—
the huge dark menacing cloud above our land.

Circling the tall peaks I dreamed I saw
your face, beloved, turned on levelled plains.
Clouds burst about you, fresh rain streamed
down mountainside, fed parched earth, bore
strength to shriveled root, food to buried tree,
swept drought of midsummer sun and autumn capitalism away.
Fields ripened to fragrance and the world's wealth
turned soil aside, gleamed in the new kernel
till kinder sun speared cloud and earth returned
to joy, florescence in the harvest-dawn.

The plane zoomed under dust-cloud and I knew
this was mere mirage, saw dream as dream
but in it prophecy. Turned toward the real:
men fallen on field and wharf, shot down
at mine gate, trodden under horse's hoof.
Bullet in back, betrayer, jowled misleader
dealt death and sorrow, mangled limbs and tears
at empty chairs at frugal empty tables;
in a hundred beds the warm comforting body
sweet at your side at midnight, gone. . . .

O you who would live, revive the natural love
of man for fellow man for earth for toil:
commemorate these fallen men anonymous;
retrieve from rigid hands their strength, desire,

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their vision from glazed eye, from dying brain their fire.
Mark the compass-toe—their last footprint—
and follow through! Precision now is needed
in limb, in sight, certainty in the heart.
Give meaning to these slain! Call no halt, sound
the siren for new striving, now clear, defined.

5

The line leaps forward on a hundred fields,
staggers—breaks—re-forms—returns
like molten steel to momentary molds
throughout America. The multimass learns
how desperate and doomed the enemy is,
how sure its own ascendant growing power.
Clear-eyed, alert, the stalwart legion grows
to recognize the imminent bright hour,
inevitable now. And time can but delay—
never impede—the winning of the world
by men for mankind. See approach the day
when millions merge and banner is unfurled!

Now the army moves, marks time, gives blow
for blow, sustains slain, shivers in retreat;
advances, counters thrust—and now moves . . . slow . . .
with lives, encounters lost. But never defeat.

Correspondence

The Hanfstaengl Protesters

To The New Masses:

Nine young men and women, arrested in two militant protests against the presence in Boston of Hitler's agent and "good will" representative, Hanfstaengl, will be tried within two weeks before the criminal Sessions of the Cambridge Superior Court.

Both demonstrations occurred on the same day, the occasion being the alumni exercises at Harvard in June, which Hanfstaengl was scheduled to attend. The first protest came when two young girls who had chained themselves to the stands cried, "We protest against the presence of Hanfstaengl. . . . Free Thaelmann and other anti-fascists," at the moment when President Conant declared that whatever the form of government ruling the United States, Harvard would stand for free speech. Fifteen minutes later they were led away by the police.

The second demonstration took place a short while later, in Harvard Square, where a number of speakers from the Marine Workers' Industrial Union, the American League Against War and Fascism, the National Student League, and others held a meeting which lasted forty minutes before the police broke it up. Seven demonstrators and speakers were arrested on charges of disturbing the peace and speaking without a permit, for which they received in the lower court sentences of a five dollar fine and 30 days in the house of correction, respectively. The two girls were given fines of $50. The cases are now being appealed.

We appeal to your readers for aid. Telegrams and letters demanding an end to the prosecution should be sent to Ralph Smith, Clerk of the Criminal Sessions, Cambridge Superior Court, East Cambridge, Mass. The defense is seriously hampered by lack of funds; contributions should be sent to Charles McBride, care of the International Labor Defense, 12 Hayward Place, Boston, Mass.

Charles McBride.

The Nazis and Child Welfare

To The New Masses:

The "Juristische Wochenschrift" of June 16, 1934 publishes a court decision handed down by the 38th Civil Chamber of the Berlin District Court on May 14, which shows how guardianship rights for Aryan children of divorced parents are being handled in the New Germany. The decision reads as follows:

"The parents of the F. Siblings were divorced, the father being guilty. According to No. 1365, Sec. 1 of the BGB (civil law code), the mother was entitled to the custody of the children. Both parents remarried. The mother has been married since 1928 to the Hungarian citizen E. D. who is of Jewish descent, although he has renounced Judaism and joined the Protestant Church. In summer, 1933, he returned to his homeland. The mother intends to follow him and take her two children by first marriage with her. The father of the children opposes this plan of taking them abroad because he considers their growing up and being educated in a non-Aryan environment detrimental to their welfare; as the children would become alienated to German manners and would later blame him for not having opposed their emigration to a foreign country. The German people are now conscious of their first and most vital duty *vis*: the maintenance of *racial purity*. Germany's future rests with her youth of German stock. She needs every boy and every girl of German race. Also for this reason it would be unjustified to let the children emigrate and grow up in a non-Aryan environment."

Upon the father's plea the custody of the children was transferred to him. The court argues as follows:

"It must be admitted that the F. children are well-adjusted in the home of their foster-father and live harmoniously with him; that the daughter, now nine years old, has been in his home since her mother's divorce in 1925, and the son, now twelve years old, since the summer of 1932; that they are very fond of their foster-father who is kind to them and gives them every protection; that the real father F. until several months ago did not object to his children's remaining in the D. home. However, since Germany has become a national-socialist state, the question at issue must be decided solely according to national socialist principals. Although this may work great hardship on the mother as well as the children, who may want to remain in the D. home, yet the explanation of the legal guardian, which is based on our present *weltanschauung,* is the deciding factor. According to this *weltanschauung,* there can be no doubt that the higher interest of the children demands their being reared in the home of their German father, where they will be brought up in the German, in the Aryan spirit. Their being in the non-Aryan environment of the D. home, their relationship and friendship to the merchant D. would inevitably and definitely influence their young minds. Germanism, Aryanism must be fostered and deepened in the children. For this task the non-Aryan husband of the mother, who would be in charge of the children's education as he has hitherto been, is unsuited. It is therefore in the interest of the German-blooded children that their custody be taken from the mother and given to the father."

This legal decision requires no comment. Germany is probably the only country in the world which has such principles of law and justice.

Max Alexander.

Recording Workers' Songs

To The New Masses:

Calmer's article on Wobbly literature suggests the continuation and spread of the type of propaganda produced by Joe Hill. The *Little Red Song Book* of the Wobbly was chuck full of songs; some of them bad, some of them good. True, they are not music in the sense of Bach, or Schumann, or Beethoven, or Ravel; but they are the songs of America; in a certain sense, the pulse-beat of American workers. *Casey Jones, John Henry, The Rebel Girl, Mr. Block, Pie in the Sky, The Ninety and Nine, Scissor Bill,* and others; yes, the Wobbly literary movement is dead; only the songs are left; only a memory of the unafraid Paul Bunyan who stalked the wheat fields, the oil fields, and the mines, and the lumber camps. The songs are still there.

You have singing groups in New York; you can't send these groups over the entire country, and yet you can record the songs. We can send these revolutionary recordings anywhere. Can't you imagine the good that even one record would do on a rickety victrola in some tenant farmer's cabin, or beet picker's shack? Don't you see these songs going across the land like the songs of the past? *Barbara Allen, Casey Jones, Pie in the Sky, Red River Valley, Wreck of the Old 97, Twenty-one Years?* I think Hayes' *I Dreamed I Saw Joe Hill Again,* would go swell with a guitar. I want to see the present Joe Hills take the tunes of *Old 97,* and *Twenty-one Years,* and give us real songs; songs for workers . . . our songs. Yes? I'm not a musician. I can't even write these songs; but I can appreciate them. I know the power of songs. In the city, on the farm, in the mountains, I have learned the power of songs. The old Wobbly song-book I have, has this statement in it:

"It was Napoleon who said that if he could write a country's songs he would not care who wrote its laws."

I am certain we are not interested in the kind of songs that Napoleon had in mind. We want no Horst Wessel chorus in our ears, but we do want and need . . . SONGS. We can keep the tune but down the words of the Freudian *Old 97,* and *Twenty-one Years.* We can junk the words of *The Death of Floyd Collins,* and look up an issue of the New Pioneer for March, 1932, and substitute the words of Potamkin's: *The Ballad of Harry Simms.* I don't think we have to compete with Victor, and Brunswick, and other gramophone trusts; we only want a few good songs on a few good records. Simple songs for the folks who are used to simple things. If we do this we can go a long way towards beating the ruling class at its own game . . . the use of songs for propaganda. All the odds are with us. If Victor can put out a rather good recording of *Pie in the Sky,* we certainly should be able to put out an equally good recording of *Solidarity, Death of Harry Simms, et al.* Maybe, the songs we need are already recorded; if so, I have missed them. Anyway, what do you-all think of the idea. Is it possible?

Alexandria, Va. John C. Rogers.

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

A High Talent for Straddling

IT OCCURS to me that perhaps John Chamberlain has had his feelings hurt because I devoted so much space last week to the book reviews in the Sunday Times and said nothing about his contributions in the daily issues. I confess that I should scarcely have suspected that daily book reviewers had any feelings if Lewis Gannett had not remonstrated with me for calling him "perennially unscrupulous." I hadn't, I must insist, thought I was saying anything Mr. Gannett didn't know.

But if it's too late to do anything about Mr. Gannett, at least I can fix things up with Mr. Chamberlain. I can assure him, in the first place, that his reviews are a great deal better, from any point of view, than any that have appeared in Section Five since he left its staff, and, in the second place, that his column is considerably superior to the columns in the other New York dailies. This, as Chamberlain will probably feel, is not recklessly high praise. It means little more than that he reads most of the books he reviews, that he has some intelligence, and that he is not obscenely subservient to the interests of the owners of the paper.

If, however, I credit Mr. Chamberlain with a certain commendable independence of spirit, it is not to be supposed that I regard him as exactly foolhardy. On the contrary, I detect, from day to day, considerable evidence of a high talent for straddling. He very rarely, for example, puts in a good word for Marx without underlining the obvious by saying that he is not "a hook-line-and-sinker Marxist." He cannot, apparently, praise a revolutionary novel without attacking "the American RAPP." So confirmed has the habit become of neatly balancing a gesture to the left with a gesture to the right that he occasionally speaks almost warmly of Fascism, to which he is certainly opposed.

The intellectual habits he is forming were never better revealed than in the ambiguity—oh, very humorous, of course, even arch—of the beginning of his recent review of *Fontamara.* But more distressing was the review he wrote last spring of *Escape from the Soviets.* His skepticism, which makes him so superior to "hook-line-and-sinker Marxists," does not, I gather, operate with a Tatiana Tchernavin. But what bothered me far more than his swallowing Tatiana's story was his taking the occasion to ask how, in view of the Ogpu persecution in Russia, Communists could protest against the framing of Tom Mooney and the Scottsboro boys. The theoretical question is, of course, one that a liberal might be expected to raise, but its practical implications are nonetheless disturbing. The remark obviously provides a beautiful excuse for those borderline intellectuals whose consciences are just a little touched by the Mooney and Scottsboro cases, but who don't want to have to do anything about them. If that crack deprived the Scottsboro boys of five dollars—and I suspect it had far more effect than that—John Chamberlain ought to go to work in sackcloth and ashes.

This is, in case you have forgotten, the same John Chamberlain who, last February, signed an open letter to the Communist Party that contained this sentence: "We who write this letter watch with sympathy the struggles of militant labor and aid such struggles." It may be, of course, that Mr. Chamberlain, in aiding the struggles of militant labor, follows the Biblical injunction. If so, it must keep his left hand pretty busy, making up in private for what his right hand does in public.

But let us turn to the more pleasant subject of literary theory. Way last fall Mr. Chamberlain said that my book urged the novelists, by implication, "to go out into the shop and mine, to visit the farm and the railroad yard, to wait in the breadline and to sit with sparrow-bright eyes upon the park bench." I have, as a matter of fact, never said or implied that there was any particular subject the novelist must write about. What I do believe is that the novelist must understand the fundamental movements of his own age and know how the particular sector of life he chooses is related to them. What seems to me important is not the novelist's material, but his attitude towards it.

I begin to suspect that Mr. Chamberlain really objects to the revolutionary attitude in literature, but doesn't like to say so. Recently, commenting on Scott Fitzgerald's introduction to the Modern Library edition of *The Great Gatsby,* he said, "What has made Fitzgerald mad, evidently, is the Leftist tendency to chastise an author for choosing literary material which is 'such as to preclude all dealing with mature persons in a mature world.'" Did Mr. Chamberlain hasten to point out that, even if Left critics do insist that novels must deal with the working class—and, once more, they do not!—that scarcely precludes dealing with mature persons? No, he promptly remarked, "I know just how Fitzgerald feels." This makes me a little dizzy, for, if the characters of *Tender Is the Night* are mature and the characters of *The Shadow Before* and *The Land of Plenty* are not then I, even if I am a college graduate, as Mr. Chamberlain once kindly pointed out, don't know what the word means. It strikes me that it is Mr. Fitzgerald who is stifling literature by limiting it to a few narrow themes, and Mr. Chamberlain appears to be aiding and abetting him.

The problem is simply whether the novelist is to take the old, outworn, decadent bourgeois attitudes towards his material or is to adopt the fresh, clear, forward-looking attitudes of the revolutionary movement. Where John Chamberlain really stands was suggested by his review last June of *Man's Fate.* He commented upon Trotsky's characterization of Malraux as an individualist and pessimist, and said, "Of course, it is because Malraux is what he is that he is a novelist, not a prophet and historian." And he ended, "Malraux belongs, not to any temporary classification such as 'proletarian novelist,' but to the company of Conrad and Hardy, men who realize that life in any society is hemmed about by death."

There is no reason that I can see why a man who thinks literature must be individualistic and pessimistic should even pretend to be more than fashionably interested in the work of revolutionary writers. All that we can ask is that Mr. Chamberlain give us his real reasons for his opinions. All we can object to is his attacking men of straw instead of confronting fundamental issues. Why should he pretend to be opposing only the excesses of what he pleasantly calls "an American RAPP" when what he really objects to are the basic assumptions and ultimate aims of Marxist criticism?

This American RAPP, incidentally, seems to be coming in for a good deal of attention. According to Chamberlain, *The Foundry* is a good novel because Halper ignored this RAPP. (According to James Burnham, on the other hand, it is a bad novel because Halper was subservient to RAPP.) I wish Mr.

"A startling novel ... a permanent addition to American letters," says Joshua Kunitz in writing of..

EDWARD DAHLBERG'S new novel

THOSE WHO PERISH

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Chamberlain would be a bit more explicit about the character and whereabouts of this dread organization. There are Left critics, of course, and each of them, not unlike critics of others schools, thinks his opinions are right and hopes they will be followed. But Mr. Chamberlain, I imagine, draws his conception of RAPP from Max Eastman, and hence visualizes some sort of literary inquisition, with the power of enforcing its decrees. I can only ask if, when he read *Authors' Field Day* in THE NEW MASSES last July, he saw any evidence of fear or docility on the part of the revolutionary novelists.

If John Chamberlain wants to come out openly as a somewhat cynical liberal in politics and a middle-of-the-road eclectic in esthetics, it would be fun to debate with him; but so long as he persists in suggesting that he is not only a friend of militant labor, but also a kind of Marxist and a critic of Left sympathies, it is hard to get anywhere without clearing the ground of the corpses of all the men of straw he has so valiantly slain.

GRANVILLE HICKS.

Poverty and Plenty

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO PRODUCE, by Edwin G. Nourse and associates. Brookings Institution. $3.50

AMERICA'S CAPACITY TO CONSUME, by Maurice Leven, Harold G. Moulton, and Clark Warburton. Brookings Institution. $3.

CRITICS of capitalism will find in these volumes useful facts about poverty and plenty in the boom days before the crisis. The estimates are unquestionably able, but so over-cautious that even Nicholas Murray Butler will hardly doubt the findings. For of course the institution supporting the study of which these two volumes are a part is irreproachable. Trustees like Norman H. Davis, friend of the Morgan firm and one-time scout for foreign loans; Jerome D. Greene, trustee of the Rockefeller Foundation, and John Barton Payne of the Red Cross do not lightly sponsor damning admissions about poverty under capitalism. The aim of the entire study is frankly the search for polite remedies for poverty without disturbance of wealth.

Separating the 27.5 million families of two or more persons from the nine million "income disposing units" outside of family groups, the study of capacity to consume gives the first well-documented estimate of family income groups. And what does this cautious and respectable study show?

More than 16 million families, or practically three out of five, had each in 1929 a total family income of less than $2,000. "Their income aggregated 18.3 billion dollars, as compared with 58.9 billions for the 11 million families having incomes of $2,000 or more."

Other dividing lines are shown: one-half of all the families had less than $1,700 in 1929. More than one-fifth had less than $1,000. Two families in a thousand had over $50,000 a year and disposed of 15 percent of the total family income. The $2,000 figure is of special importance since the present study agrees with earlier estimates that at 1929 prices a family of average size could barely supply its basic necessities for $2,000 a year.

The authors are aware of the increasing concentration of income among the topmost exploiters. "While less than 1.6 percent of the income recipients reported incomes of $5,000 or over in 1919, the number in that class in 1929 was 2.1 percent—a gain of nearly one-third. The proportion of incomes of $500,000 or over increased five-fold, while the proportion of one million or over increased more than six times. . . . In the late twenties a larger percentage of the total income was received by the portion of the population having very high incomes than had been the case a decade earlier." But this trend seems to them only interesting and not important.

Their material is so arranged as to understate the percentage of total income received from the ownership of property. According to the only clear and simple figure on this subject offered to the reader who shuns technical appendices, 20 percent of the income produced in the United States in 1929 went to property and 80 percent went as a return for work. This includes on the "work" side the more than three billion dollars taken as salaries for corporation officials, and four-fifths of the total business income received by individual merchants, farmers, professional men, etc.

But "income produced" on which this division between property and work is based is only part of the story. So far as consuming power is concerned, other forms of income were also important and these piled up entirely on the property side. They included returns on foreign investments, rent from dwellings, interest on non-business loans, and the so-called "imputed income" of the property owner from his house and other durable goods which he uses himself. These are estimated as adding over nine billion dollars beyond the "income produced." The study also refers to the six billion dollars received during 1929 from the sale of capital assets and from speculation. But it carefully refrains from relating this larger total to the property-work income division except in a tabular appendix. From this we learn that of the total consuming power in 1929 not 20 percent but at least 30 percent was derived from the ownership of property.

The brief summary at the end of the volume on capacity to consume attempts to coordinate the unsupplied needs of the poverty-stricken families of 1929 with the unused capacity to produce. The "conclusions" are in line with the capitalist class loyalty of these economists. They try to show that while there was unused production capacity in 1929 it could not have supplied the goods needed to bring the lower income families up to a $2,500 standard of living.

Three points stand out as showing the absurdity of this claim.

All the estimates of potential production capacity are consistently understated. The writers are working up to a "remedy" within the framework of capitalism. They probably know (though they do not admit it in print) that such waste of productive capacity as is involved in seasonal peaks, rapid style changes, and the chaos of the market cannot be eliminated under the profit system. So they painstakingly deduct such wastes from the full-time yearly capacity totals, thereby reducing their estimates of total capacity and surplus capacity.

Secondly, they assume that the labor supply available in 1929 set a natural limit to plant capacity. Therefore they use full-time single-shift capacity as the basis for their total estimates except in sections of industry which were known to be operating a double or triple shift in 1929. (Apparently they reckon that the unemployed wage-workers were more or less balanced against the totally idle plants.) They assume that the two million independent persons who received income without any gainful occupation must continue to live in idleness. They make no allowance for the idle women supported by father or husband, or for the possible productive use of labor power wasted under capitalism in the competitive advertising, selling, and distributing of goods. And obviously they did not allow for the number of working housewives whose possible contribution to industrial production in a socialized workers' economy is being happily developed in the Soviet Union.

Third, they admit no possibility of cutting down the surplus consumption of the wealthy. For example, according to their own estimates, the upper fifth of all families (with incomes ranging from $3,100 to more than five million dollars a year) were consuming a billion dollars worth of food and nearly two billion dollars worth of clothing beyond what they would have consumed at the scale of expenditure prevailing among families in the $2,450 to $3,100 group. The study entirely overlooks this obvious waste of productive capacity which could be adjusted to supplement unused capacity in the food and clothing industries and would make a decisive contribution toward meeting the needs of the families below the $2,500 line.

Even on the basis of wasteful capitalist methods of production, the claim that the United States had not in 1929 the physical capacity to supply a moderate but adequate living for the masses of its population can be disproved from the estimates assembled in the study.

Chances in productive capacity during the past five years are not included. But the summary conclusion explicitly minimizes the importance of the increased output per man-hour which has been wrung from the workers. At discounts the possibilities of rapid technical

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advance with a genuine increase in productivity. And it works up to a solemn warning that the shortening of the working day will reduce the possible volume of consumption goods and make necessary a lower standard of living among the masses. A really adroit contribution to the capitalist class forces which are deliberately increasing their profits through a sharper exploitation of the working class!

ANNA ROCHESTER.

How Sophomores Would Solve It

THE ABC OF SOCIAL CREDIT, by Elizabeth E. Holter. Coward McCann. $1.
THE DOUGLAS MANUAL OF SOCIAL CREDIT. Compiled by Philip Mairet. Coward McCann. $1.50.

SOCIAL credit is a theory of and a movement for the rescue of capitalism by having the government through its credit make up the difference between the total value of the annual national product and the amount paid out to the community as consumers in the form of purchasing power. It is the theory and movement set in motion a dozen or so years ago by one Major C. H. Douglas, an "engineer-economist of London." Philip Mairet's *Manual* consists of extracts from the writings of the originator of Social Credit. The *ABC* is an able attempt to translate the mysteries into understandable language.

We need not linger over the *movement* part of social credit, in spite of the publisher's claim that "It promises to be a political force in England and has had substantial backing in Canada, New Zealand and Australia and the United States." In the United States as is well known, it has the "backing" of precisely the one instructor in "Professional Writing" of the New School for Social Research and such of his former students as still believe that they can learn to become "writers" by taking courses.

As to the theory of social credit, one may judge it by an example of the historical perspectives of Major Douglas and by his theory of taxation.

Periodic economic crises, Major Douglas believes, are financial phenomena generated largely by Jewish bankers. "For instance, a serious depression stretched from the time of the Crusaders to the beginning of the Renaissance, and is explainable, I think, far better by the fact [!] that the English Nobles were all mortgaged to the Jews as a result of the Crusades, than in any other way." And again: "The Hungry' Forties were no more due to the Napoleonic Wars than the present industrial distress in this country [Great Britain] is due to the European War. They were due to the hold which financiers, such as the Rothschilds, obtained upon this country. . . ." For, Major Douglas reasons: "The characteristic of orthodox Finance is the centralization of Credit. I could, without much difficulty, prove to you that such a policy synthesizes every anti-Christian principle. The distribution of credit is its antithesis." (*The Manual,* pp. 42, 52.)

Thus, behind our hard times, lies the concentration of Credit, and behind that lurks the international Jew.

As for taxation:

"Modern taxation is legalized robbery" and "Decreases Purchasing Power," avows the founder of Social Credit. "Present-day finance and taxation is merely an ingenious system for concentrating financial power." Therefore?—"It would be both simple and practical to abolish every tax in Great Britain, *—substituting therefore a simple sales tax on every description of article. . . .*" (*The Manual,* pp. 33, 34, 36. Reviewer's italics.)

Major Douglas' way of decentralizing financial power!

And now to the pith of Social Credit:

This is the "A+B Theorem," the Mystery of mysteries. Costs of production, says Miss Holter, "are divisible into two distinct categories. . . .'A' and 'B'."

"'A' costs are all payments that a factory makes to *individuals* such as wages, salaries and dividends?" (How about profits, rent, interest?)

"'B' costs are all payments made to *other organizations* for such things as raw materials, machinery, maintenance of plant, bank charges and other external [sic!] charges." (Author's italics.)

Evidently, reasons Miss Holter (that is, for Major Douglas), "the *only money distributed direct to consumer* comes under the heading of 'A." But the price of the article in the market equals the combined costs of "A" and "B." How can "A" buy "A"+"B"? Well, it can't. If you ask—Don't the "B" payments, too, come to the market in the forms of purchasing power? In the last analysis, they, too, were at one time or another "A" costs. The answer is, "No." That is, yes, they do, but after a time lag, not simultaneously with "A." But what of the "B" payments received in the course of an earlier production cycle? Well, they do have an effect, but formerly, too, there was the "A+" imbalance.

And so we are in the face of the "Which came first, the chicken or the egg?" dilemma.

All this time, not a word of profits, rent, interest. But here they come:

"What," then, "has kept the system going at all?" asks Miss Holter, rhetorically, and answers: "The further creation of bank credit," although "wholesale sabotage" and foreign markets helped. The manufacturer, unable to recover his total outlay through the purchasing power paid out by him, makes up the difference by borrowing from the banks —for further production! In the end, of course, this only accentuates the imbalance. Therefore he, finally, resorts to "sabotage of plant, machinery and consumable goods" if he cannot dispose of his surplus in foreign markets. "Dumping coffee into the seas" is an example.

Miss Holter's notions concerning "sabotage of plant," etc., and of exports as "props to the present system" betray her obvious lack of understanding of the dialectics involved. "Sabotage of plant," etc., obviously would tend to raise prices of products and thereby further diminish purchasing power, and thus accentuate the influence, rather than act as a "prop."

She gets no further with exports, in which she does not go beyond the Mercantalists.

At any rate, we fall back upon bank credit. But bank credit is a private monopoly, dispensed for profit. All bank credit, says Miss Holter, 'except possibly for a very small fraction" is money "entirely *new* money actually credited by them." And this is the money that makes the wheels of industry go around. Only that, unlike the water that flows over the dam, this money flows back to the banks, now swollen by interest. "How is it possible," then, asks Social Credit through Miss Holter, "to receive more money than has actually been put into circulation?" Furthermore, interest charges are one more chunk taken out of the purchasing power of the community. For "purchasing power," Major Douglas had said (*Manual,* p. 15) "is not . . . an emanation from production of real commodities or services much like the scent from a rose, but . . . by an entirely different process . . . the banking system."

But precisely production is the source, and the sole source, of income. When, as during the last two or three years, income produced is less than income paid out, the difference is paid out from previous accumulations from production, or from credit, government or private, which is not yet based on past production but on future production. Hence the constant danger of inflation. Hence a period of *crisis*.

Social Credit, therefore, proposes so to change the financial system under capitalism that it will serve "an an effective agency of distribution." While far-reaching in their probable effects, these changes will "nevertheless avoid all necessity for the abolition of private ownership, the destruction of the price system, the suppression of individual initiative, the nationalization of industry, or the imposition of any form of regimentation, whether Soviet or Fascist."

As a first step towards the inauguration of this new Utopia, Social Credit makes a theoretic distinction between "financial" and "real" credit. Financial credit is identified with banking credit, commercial as well as investment credit, and is presumed to be roughly equivalent in amount to the "A" costs of the current national output, the amount supplied by the banks to even up the purchasing power with the "price"—value of the output—that comes to the market. But the actual total

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productive capacity of the country is quite a deal larger than that; it stands roughly in relation to purchasing power as 100 is to 40. Now, it is the total productive capacity of the country that is the "real" credit of the community, and the "government," on this basis, should extend to the consuming public credit to the amount of the difference between real and financial credit, between 100 percent and 40 percent, or 60 percent, whenever the total productive capacity of the nation is in operation. Thus the gap between "A" and "A+B" would be filled, hard times would become a thing of the past, and the capitalist system would go on unimpaired but for this slight nick in its otherwise smooth edge: 'The socialist or Communist contends," concludes Miss Holter, "that profits are the cause of all our economic distress. Profits, however, are merely" [!] "an addition to prices which increase the collective price of goods for sale without increasing purchasing power." [Don't capitalists eat?] "If arrangements are made to represent these additions, or charges, by increased purchasing power [social credit,] profits are not only legitimate but useful." Indeed. social credit guarantees them.

There remain but a few details:

Social Credit will operate as follows:

The retailer will charge the consumer the full, or at first only a part of the A+B costs of the article he sells him. During the transitional stage, the full price will not be demanded but only a part, say 25 percent of the difference between A and A+B; this will be the "just price." But the customer will pay only the "A" amount; this is all he has. The retailer, however, will recoup the difference between that and the "just price" through a charge against the Social Credit of the nation by recording the claim with the local bank. The bank will debit this to his open account with the National Credit Authority. Thus in this, "No dictatorship is implied." "No Expropriation." "Banks will continue," and we will have "real Democracy" as the National Credit Authority will consist of a "non-political commission . . . [Miss Holter is speaking] appointed by the President and with the consent of the Senate." What can be safer, and sweeter?

So this is Social Credit. A sophomoric jumble of the *justum praetum* of the Mediaeval Christian Fathers, and of their theory of the barrenness of capital; of Sismondi's underconsumption theory; of Veblen's "conscientious withdrawal of efficiency"; of the mercantalist economics of foreign trade; of a completely fallacious concept of the origin and function of financial credit, confusing at the same time commercial with investment credit; of a false meaning of "money," and of the relation of money to credit, and of the relation of money and credit to the price structure in capitalist economy; together with a perversion of Marx's theory of surplus value and of his distinction between constant and variable capital and all that, capped by the lamentable ignorance of the role of the "government" in a class society. JOSEPH M. GILLMAN.

Babbitt's Bard

PEGASUS PULLS A HACK, by Berton Braley. Minton, Balch. $3.

THE TITLE of this book — subtitled *Memoirs of a Modern Minstrel* — is marred by an error of either identity or purpose. I mean that it is not Pegasus whose rear elevation shadows Mr. Braley, popular press bard, when he settles in the driver's seat, but more likely only a hired horse. Or else, if it is indeed Pegasus, he is not backing up to Mr. Braley's bardic chariot properly; and if Mr. Braley's nose does not recognize this, habituated as it is to the odors of his industry, those who are unafflicted with olfactory aphasia are not bound, as I smell it, to conspire to maintain his ignorance any longer.

I am not trying to account for Mr. Braley's fertility, but the fact remains that he is very fertile; also he is very prevalent. In the 25 years since 1909 he has clicked off more than ten linear miles of doggerel in mechanic taximeter (more than 9,000 pieces) for almost every description of journalistic fare. It hasn't paid him as well as it has Edgar A. Guest, but his earnings have been up to around $10,000 a year and are considerably above relief wages at the present time. Yet he never prostituted his gifts. You can't devastate a wasteland.

Capitalism, gross and wattled, knew well until lately how to select and mold a tool to its purpose. In Braley's case it was assisted by an almost fabulous Fate. He was predestined. He never had a chance. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, purpleplushed extruder of poetic cheese pies flavored with ectoplasmic maiden dew, hovered, female benign, in the house when he was born. It was there she wrote *Laugh and the World Laughs With You.* What a portent! In later years this highpriestess of poignant puerility staked Braley to fifteen dollars and advised him on mending his manners or mannerisms. A start and a half, that.

Braley says he approached versification as though it were a craft like carpentry, but he mistakenly believes that he developed into a competent versifier, whereas he became only a tireless wood butcher of rhyme. His images are embedded in stereotype metal, and his tonal perceptivity seems not to extend beyond the nuances producible with a bass drum. To read his discussion of technique and his contemporaries—including mainly homunculi—is to be startled despite one's most cynical expectations. In sum, here you have what might be called a poetic anesthete, undistracted by burning urges or electric gleams, indefatigable in his quest for saleable themes and in his fabrication of rhymes the beat of which can be checked by metronome. The bard of "the people" under capitalism.

Braley thinks that by and large the market test is the most dependable in sifting out art that will "rate the notice of posterity." To back up his contention he quotes from an oracle of the dinner table: "Man does not live by bread alone, but unless his work is his bread it lacks something fundamental, a certain basic human value without which art is hollow."

The genius who uttered these words was Sir Gilbert Parker. With him, besides Braley, at the table were W. J. Locke, Irvin Cobb, Will Irwin and a publisher whose name, because I know nothing more of him, I shall not disclose. Unanimously these immortals agreed with Sir Gilbert Parker.

The book is ankledeep in such fantastic pantaloonery.

John Reed was "a great writer wasted to make a commonplace Communist."

Braley once wrote a review of Christy Mathewson's pitching in a world's series game. It rhymed. It began, "If you can keep your nerve when all about you"; it ended, "and you can BET you'll be a MAN, my son." When Roy Howard read it "he made one of his flashing (*sic*) comments: 'In other words,' he said, 'Matty is just about par in Man'!"

Herbert Hoover's story of the Belgian relief mission told at a Players' Club pipe night makes Braley "still impatient with those who think the war fought to crush that German military monster was fought in vain."

Stanford White's imagination made the Players' Club "into an adequate home for great players and great gentlemen," including Isaac Marcosson, Will Irwin and other princely and protean spirits whose scintillating utterances and doings occupy about twenty pages of Braley's book. Incidentally Braley declares that "belonging to the Players' is one of the proudest things I am of."

To conclude—the man is almost mythically philistine. He moons over an England invented by Kipling and finds force, character and leadership in George V as soon as he shakes his hand. Woodrow Wilson was synthetic; T. Roosevelt was a great magnetic personality. Scores of nonentities—nine-day wonders of pre-depression times—are made the subject of many more or less witless anecdotes. To top the thing off, Braley announces his liking for reading matter that seems interesting and competently done, and remarks that this disqualifies *Ulysses;* asserts that "capitalism does the job of feeding, housing and clothing people—at its worst—better than any other system that has been tried"; declares he

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is as sincerely in favor of the Revolution as any Communist; and says he thinks the Revolution will come gradually.

Personally I feel that, come fast or slow or both, the Revolution will leave no Braleys behind to spoil pulp paper for tonedeaf and imageblind babbitts, and I feel also that this one is too perfect a specimen of his kind to lose. I suggest therefore that a rising proletarian satirist capture him on the hoof and use him as a minor figure in a chronicle of these times of capitalistic collapse. I don't see why the subject would object. It's his only chance for immortality. MURRAY GODWIN.

Brief Review

WE ACCEPT WITH PLEASURE, by Bernard DeVoto. Little, Brown and Co. $2.50.

The fact that DeVoto is one of the noisiest of the new American disciples of Pareto ought to lend interest to a novel that deals with post-war disillusionment, the Sacco-Vanzetti case, intellectual life in Chicago and Boston, and the dissolution of the Boston Brahmins. The novel, however, turns out to be a thoroughly confused and flagrantly superficial book, studded with passages in Mr. DeVoto's best Saturday Evening Post manner. It is, moreover, full of echoes: the man and woman the author expects us to admire are straight out of *Arrowsmith;* there are some very bad bits in the manner of Joyce, and there are several second-rate Proustian touches; the author's general attitude towards Americanism and the war has been much better expressed by Archibald MacLeish. According to the blurb, *We Accept with Pleasure* has "neither cause nor thesis," and we also learn that Mr. DeVoto takes great pleasure in "shooting holes in historical and literary theories." This determined and rather childish negativism, so apparent in the author's magazine articles and in his book on Mark Twain, seems the only purely personal element in the novel.

TO EACH A PENNY, by Francis Plummer. Lothrop, Lee and Shepherd. $2.50.

There is something a little old-fashioned about this novel. Perhaps it is because the main theme, the heroine's experiences with trusteeships, reminds us of *Rollo at the Bank;* perhaps it is because the minor theme, the heroine's love affairs, are handled with post-war, Lawrencian vividness. The book, though better than these comparisons would indicate, is hardly worthy of a man who, according to the dustcover, "devotes six hours each day to reading and to fresh thoughts."

THE QUEST FOR CORVO, by A. J. A. Symons. The Macmillan Co. $2.50.

Frederick Rolfe, who liked to refer to himself as Baron Corvo, was perhaps the most eccentric of all the eccentrics who appeared in English literature in the nineties. His story is an amusing one, and Mr. Symons has made it more amusing by telling how he discovered the very obscure details of Corvo's life. For what it purports to be, the book is excellent. But of the forces that made Corvo what he was Mr. Symons has nothing to say. He persists in treating Corvo as an isolated figure. In fact Corvo was isolated, but he was nevertheless an unmistakable representative of a brief but significant phase of England's cultural history. Mr. Symons is a very good detective, but the emergence of "decadence" as a literary force is actually a more interesting, as well as a more important, theme than the talents, either as writer or as cadger, of Frederick Rolfe.

TO THE NORTH. The Story of Arctic Exploration from Earliest Times to the Present, by Jeanette Mirsky. Illustrated. Viking Press. $3.75.

Written with refreshing enthusiasm, a lively style, and a sweeping comprehensiveness, Miss Mirsky's book has many virtues. It is the only one in its field, and one which, through sensitively and subtly interwoven quotations synthesizes the brilliant literature of this subject. Not the least of its virtues is its understanding of the chief motivation for polar exploration — trade routes and trade. Had the author made that the chief focus as well for her treatment, her valuable book would have been more penetrating and more valuable.

THE ADVENTURES OF DON QUIXOTE, by Miguel Cervantes, the Motteux translation with 16 full page illustrations by Doré in aquatone. Modern Library Giants. $1.

LOOK HOMEWARD, ANGEL. Thomas Wolfe. Modern Library Giants. $1.

THE THEORY OF THE LEISURE CLASS. Thorstein Veblen. Modern Library. 95c.

THE GREAT GATSBY. F. Scott Fitzgerald. Modern Library. 95c.

The latest additions to the Modern Library are good examples of its policy of publishing those contemporary books which some contemporary opinion nominates as classics, and those of the older classics which retain an appeal to the contemporary reader. The library now has under way an undertaking which has thus far been inexplicably neglected, a selection from the works of Lenin.

Book Notes

Readers of literary sections in the daily papers are familiar with "book notes" in which the fact that X's novel is in its second printing; that Y has gone to Bermuda; that Z has sold his latest story to Esquire, is offered as pregnant news. Our book notes will be somewhat different.

Publishers are fond of advertising their books as a relief from the burdens and cares of the world. In competing in this literary aspirin business the Appleton-Century Company is issuing "The Tired Businessmen's Library," including:

Scrambled Yeggs, by Octavus Roy Cohen; *Crime at Cobb's House,* by Herbert Corey; *Murder Below Wall Street,* by Roger Delancey; *The Pleasure Cruise Mystery,* by Robin Forsythe; *Death and the Dowager,* by Bertrand Huber; *Murder in Church,* by Babette Hughes, and *The King in Check,* by Talbot Mundy, etc.

Still another publisher is interested in soothing the nerves of the victims of capitalism. He is not, however, limiting himself to tired businessmen. He is more democratic. He is writing books for tired stenographers and tired shipping clerks. The series is called Arcadia House, and the Arcadian brand of paregoric includes:

Hand Made Rainbow, by Mrs. Pugh Smith; *If the Sky Fall,* by Helen Partridge; *Love in the Springtime,* by Peggy Dern, and *Tear Stains,* by Peter Marsh.

In the symposium held by the Macaulay strikers about a week ago at which three publishers appeared to air the views of the publishers on the question of union organization, Mr. Hillman, president of the Godwin Press, said that he would chase out any employe who dared to belong to a union. He said that if any of his girls organized he would feel exactly as if his wife had gone to a lawyer to settle a family difficulty. Apparently, any publisher is willing to consider his hired help as members of a large family, providing he can be the papa. There have been of course in the past cases where fathers exploited their children, and the salaries Mr. Hillman boasted of paying indicated him to be another such case. The other publishers present took a milder line. They all declared they believed in organization — somewhere else.

When the Literary Guild was organized, its solemn purpose was to choose the best book every month, from the lists of all the publishers. Recently the Literary Guild has been sold to Doubleday, Doran & Co., which conducts a very large open shop printing plant in Garden City, and which is willing to do anything in order to keep its presses running, whether it means the publication of telephone directories or literature. There are two aspects that might be considered in this movement. First, the improbability of preserving the supposed impartiality of the Literary Guild judges in the face of inevitable "business necessity"; second, the inevitability of firings as the two organizations amalgamate. Under capitalism literary interests along with the interests of the workers are equally unsafe.

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Science Notes

DAVID RAMSEY

A "WIND OF DEATH."—The spotlight at the eighty-sixth meeting of the American Chemical Society was focussed on Dr. George H. Cady of the United States Rubber Company who announced the accidental discovery of a new gas which destroys life and also explodes when sufficiently concentrated. The "wind of death" was discovered by Dr. Cady while experimenting at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. It is potentially an irritating gas-like phosgene and could be used for the mass destruction of enemy armies and non-combatant civilian populations.

In his report to the Chemical Society Dr. Cady said that if "one inhales a small amount of the compound one starts to cough and a deep breath, even of fresh air, taken after a coughing spell produces still more irritation of the lungs." The publicity bureau of the Chemical Society added to this by announcing that "a blanket of gas over the enemy's trenches would be destructive to life," and boasted that the "discovery attracted unusual interest among chemists in view of rumors reaching this country of new war gases developed in the laboratories of Europe."

Up to this point the stress was on the "accidental" nature of the discovery and its future use as an instrument of mass murder. Then someone must have realized that a ghastly error had been committed. It was pretty obvious that the only accident in connection with the whole affair was the public announcement by Dr. Cady. Someone had pulled a terrible boner in permitting the general formula (if not the concrete details) to be revealed, and in exposing the kind of "pure" research that goes on in so many of our university and technical laboratories.

Only a very naive person could have been taken in by the story that it was all an accident. The head of M.I.T. is Karl Compton, who is a leading member of Roosevelt's National Science Council. The United States Rubber Company is vitally interested in the manufacture of war materials. And Dr. Cady is a fine experimental chemist who is not in the habit of playing around with flasks in the mere hope that something may turn up. Put all these facts together and it is difficult to conceive of the matter as being accidental.

Something had to be done to counteract the early reports. A variety of stunts were used to kill the effects of the early release. A prominent science news agency sent out a communication urging all editors carefully to avoid any possible new scare about "a destructive war gas." It also sent out a statement promptly furnished by M.I.T. officials denying that chemical research at the institute was designed to develop war gases. Dr. Frederick G. Keyes of the department of chemistry declared that "Dr. Cady has been working on fluorine compounds on a purely scientific basis. The fact that this and many commonly used gases are poisonous is no indication whatsoever that they are developed for warfare." This is in line with those other statements by certain scientists contending that poison gases are a boon to mankind.

Then Dr. Harrison E. Howe, the editor of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry got off the old bromide "that to the best of our knowledge and belief, research since the war has failed to disclose any gases for field use that are more advantageous than those known and used during the war." As the scientific representative of the chemical industry, Dr. Howe could hardly say less.

But the authorities were apparently still far from satisfied. Consequently a week after his report to the Chemical Society, Dr. Cady contradicted himself in a new statement. He now declared that "the impression which I intended to give was that the substance is merely an interesting laboratory curiosity which has no apparent industrial importance. Although it has some properties which are like those of certain war gases, its use for such a purpose is very improbable."

The reader can draw his own conclusion. But it must be pretty obvious that a certain chemist is in a hell of a mess, and may soon be missing from M.I.T.

The New Deal and Mining Safety.—The American Mining Congress in its meeting at Washington a few weeks ago sounded a warning that the safety of thousands of miners was being jeopardized by the curtailment of federal efforts to protect the lives of workers who toil below the surface of the earth. The Congress reported that a survey conducted by a special committee showed that nine mine rescue cars had been taken out of service. This left only two cars in operation by the Bureau of Mines to combat disaster conditions and to serve as training headquarters.

Lack of funds has practically stopped research on mine safety, according to the Congress. The Bureau of Mine's funds for the current fiscal year is smaller than the allotment for any year since 1920. It was pointed out that the budget was cut despite the fact that considerable work has been transferred to the Bureau from other governmental agencies during the past fourteen years.

This curtailment has particularly affected the training of men to help themselves and others when mine disasters occur. The scope of the first aid instruction and training for the prevention of accidents has also been greatly reduced. The number of men receiving this training has dropped from an annual average of 100,000 to approximately 50,000.

The report of the Congress further pointed out that "The experimental mine developed by the Bureau as a means of studying explosions and their effects has been placed on a greatly restricted schedule which this year will permit its use during only a few weeks at the most. This mine without counterpart in the world has enabled the Bureau's experts to conduct tests which could only be made in an experimental mine and which could not be conducted within the confines of a laboratory."

Much of the credit for the former decrease in the number of mine explosions belonged to these unique experiments. Today the New Deal's economy budget will be directly responsible for the increase in mining accidents and disasters that will result from the sabotaging of the Bureau's experimental work and the breakdown of safety regulations.

Ice from Tropical Seas.—George Claude, the inventor of the neon sign, has been conducting experiments designed to obtain power by using the differences in temperature between the upper and lower levels of the ocean. He has now built a sea-going ice plant which will make clear blocks of frozen water by utilizing the limitless thermal energy of the ocean. In his older systems, one of the disadvanatges of his scheme was that favorable places for the establishment of a land power station were very remote from potential consumers. The difficulty of transmitting the power from its place of development to prospective purchasers was too hard to surmount.

But in his new scheme, M. Claude uses a 10,000 ton ship, the *Tunisie,* which will manufacture ice for tropical countries. His boat is now bound for Brazil, where the ice-plant aboard the *Tunisie* will produce ice from water brought from the depths of the ocean.

By utilizing the difference in temperature between surface water and water from the depths of the ocean, M. Claude expects to generate 3,000 horse power to run his ice-making machinery. His work is not only interesting from a theoretical viewpoint, but it has prospects of opening up vast untapped sources of energy for mankind.

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The Theatre

DURING the past week Broadway has delivered a pair of hits. And of course everybody is happy—from the backers who watch the money roll in, to the gentlemen of the press who let themselves occasionally be misrepresented by a quotation torn out of context and blurbed in an advertisement to the greater prospering of show business. By which totalitarianism Broadway's executive committee endorses two plays whose implications make them mutually irreconcilable. But Broadway cannot be annoyed by contradictions; and so *Small Miracle* and *The Distaff Side* are blanketed with equal blessings, to the further entrenchment of witlessness.

Small Miracle (by Norman Krasna, at the Golden Theatre) has sprung full-bodied from the heads of various other successful playwrights. With feeling reverence for dramatic devices invented by others, Mr. Krasna denied himself the joys of creation and resigned himself to absorbing the stuff of *Broadway, Front Page, Grand Hotel* and pasting-up analogous material into three acts which have brought joy into the lives of Mr. Anderson of the Evening Journal and Mr. Hammond of the Herald Tribune. Just how there can be happiness in every act may bewilder prejudiced readers of THE NEW MASSES when they hear what this play is all about. Set in the lounge of a Times Square theatre, the gleeful business of *Small Miracle* involves (1) an usher who, having got another usher with child, is harassed by the necessity of abortion money and allows himself to steal a jewel from (2) a wealthy merchant's pretty wife who is carrying on a messy affair with an upperclass rotter; (3) to which is added the desperation of an apprehended criminal who still has a grudge to settle before allowing himself to be hanged.

Joy having been ruled out, the situations in this play offer real possibilities for a careful analysis of the compulsions behind the characters—and if Mr. Krasna had had the interest or talent he might have made a penetrating play. He may have had the talent, but he had no such interest. By advancing the action in accordance with all the stereotyped gutter-press alternatives of either this or that happening, Mr. Krasna's play concludes with the usual shoddy "solutions" which are supposed to furnish the dramatic katharsis. The usher is eased out of the attempted theft, the merchant's pretty wife is saved by her own better demi-virtuous self from the fatal step of giving her all, and the prisoner gets his man. The brutish, swindling police captain gets his graft and the audience gets its $1.10-$3.30 worth of thrill from the privilege of having assisted at two murders, an adultery, a seduction, a theft, etc.

One waited in vain for a flash of insight, a fresh perception, an original idea about the problems involved.

Glaringly different, professionally genteel, *The Distaff Side* (Booth Theatre) leaves you with a similar emptiness. Some years ago its author, John Van Druten, wrote a promising, workmanlike study of adolescence *(Young Woodley);* but in those days ideas were not likely to lead to uncomfortable conclusions. Whereupon Mr. Van Druten has now avoided ideas by spinning three acts about the love-lives of an English upper middleclass mother whose daughter is busily engaged in wavering between marriage with a man she loves and a man who can advance her career. Unable to make up her mind, she is saved when a fever attacks her lover; so she chooses love. Her mother apostrophizes her dead husband with a tender word about "our daughter being all right," and then decides that she enjoys widowhood enough not to remarry. And that is that. Obviously, there is not a single idea to mar this play. The fever episode, upon which the dénouement entirely depends, is structurally adventitious and to no small degree absurd. You wonder why this play was ever written, since it illuminates none of the situations involved but chiefly repeats the usual banalities of upper middleclass British stuffiness even to the extent of portraying domestic servants as funny.

Upon these two adventures in thought-dodging the directors and producers have lavished more than sufficient ingenuity and expense. A group of generally excellent actors against very adequate, and in the case of *Small Miracle,* brilliant sets. As the British widow Sybil Thorndike gives a quiet and penetrating interpretation; as the criminal in *Small Miracle* Joseph Spurin-Calleia delivers the most memorable performance of the season to date. Of course one is pleased by the acting and moved to admire the sheer craft. And yet it is with the feeling that two groups of competent actors have been charged with improvising: the arbitrariness of the themes wears down after the first act and by the end of the play they have managed to find glimpses of the problems which are ready for serious discussion when the curtain falls. No end of attention to original treatment of lights, drops, costumes. And from the first word to the final curtain not the glimmer of a new or courageous idea. Broadway sits back and congratulates itself as its credo of craft-plus-brainlessness registers two more box office successes.

GEORGE WILLSON.

Other Current Shows

Stevedore, by Paul Peters and George Sklar. Civic Repertory. The most important play in town, now reopened for a four week's run before it takes to the road. If you haven't seen it, go at once. If you have, buy a ticket and give it to a deserving friend. The present production is generally the equal and in some respects the superior of the original of last spring. Cheapest seat 30 cents tax free. Your attendance required.

Tobacco Road, by Jack Kirkland from Erskine Caldwell's novel. Forrest Theatre. One of the most rewarding plays running. Many amazing insights into the lives of the poor white farmers in Georgia, even though they don't give the whole story. But James Barton's acting tells you all there is to know about the central character, Jeeter Lester. Easily worth $1.10 but can be seen for 50 cents.

Judgment Day, by Elmer Rice. Belasco Theatre. Has been doing things to the complacency of liberals and Broadway theatre-goers by its attack—even though superficial—on fascist dictatorships. Written around the Reichstag Fire frame-up, with a confused but genuine anti-Hitler bias. Good collateral reading and seeing if your textbook is Dutt's *Fascism and Social Revolution,* Strachey's *Menace of Fascism* or THE NEW MASSES. Matinee 83 cents; nights $1.10.

The Great Waltz. Center Theatre. Undoubtedly concerned with the careers of Johan Strauss *père* and *fils,* but the music and dialogue combine to make it nearly impossible to believe your own ears. Moments of colossal tosh equalled only by sentimentality of epic proportions. If you can get in for 30 cents enter at the beginning of Act II, stay for the first two scenes and enjoy the admirable lighting and delightful group dancing. Then look for your nearest exit.

Dodsworth, by Sidney Howard, from Sinclair Lewis' novel. Shubert Theatre. First-rate acting by Walter Huston and Maria Ouspenskaya in a third-rate play about a big business man who doesn't know just what he's looking for and finds it. Indicates the break-up of part of the finance aristocracy, and the rejuvention, via love, of another part. Cheapest seat: $1.10.

Tight Britches. Avon Theatre. All about a male Sadie Thompson in North Carolina with all sorts of misleading notions about the American farmer.

The Red Cat. Broadhurst Theatre. An antique French farce made entertaining only by means of Francis Lister's acting. This is the sort of play in which you have denouement after denouement until you fall asleep.

Life Begins at 8:40. Winter Garden. Still no report because still no press tickets for THE NEW MASSES.

College Sinners. Ritz Theatre. Three acts of feverish inanity about the sex-problems of British university fops—with a half-dozen bright phrases to help you survive. Warning: this play opened as *First Episode.*

Errant Lady, by Nat Dorfman. Fulton Theatre. Much ado about the sex-lives of two generations of Westchesterites. A total waste except for a mildly satisfactory technical performance, and a handful of pleasantly obscene wisecracks.

A Ship Comes In. Morosco Theatre. The private un-sex life of a psychologist. A really bad play made considerably worse by the acting of Jacob Ben Ami.

G. W.

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Mae West: A Treatise on Decay

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WHEN you consider Madame Du Barry and Nell Gwynne, it is evident that Mae West has made a mistake in confining her immorality to stage and screen. Granted that a woman of her intelligence could be prevailed upon to favor a Congressman or a Secretary of War, the spectacle of Miss West affecting state policy as well as private temperatures is something which no future historian could afford to overlook. It is plain that on any basis of comparison she belongs to the great line.

There are so many indications of the breakdown of capitalistic civilization that we are inclined to become tender and sympathetic in the midst of the debacle, much in the manner of "don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying," but it is obvious that Miss West, more than any of her associates, symbolizes the end of an epoch. Her stage plays, *Sex* and *The Drag,* uncovered such a horrifying picture of homosexuals, Lesbians and ordinary degenerates that Miss West was sentenced to the workhouse for ten days as a way of restoring the faith of the populace in the great city. Her motives in presenting the plays were undoubtedly mercenary, but her attorneys overlooked a great opportunity of establishing her as a sociologist and humanitarian, moved solely by her concern for reform.

The movies were more astute in their management of her films. They retained the spiciness, the lustiness and bawdiness, but they carefully confined them to the past. In a sense it may be said that the golden era of Chuck Connors and the Bowery was bourgeois vigor as its peak. With all its dirt and squalor the Bowery managed to maintain an Elizabethan rowdiness and crudity which could pass as strength. The Puritan was at last defeated; men were again honest animals. They killed, they whored and they flaunted the broken bits of Methodist morality in the faces of the nice people who came down to look with fascinated horror at these mad barbarians.

The Christian fathers are quite correct in worrying about Miss West. Whether the success of her bawdiness is a sign that we have conquered Puritanism and are a mature people at last or whether it represents a complete collapse of morality, it is evident that it reveals the lack of authority of religion. The Catholic campaign for clean films succeeded in changing the title of the latest West film from *It Ain't No Sin* to the *Belle of the Nineties,* but it is still Mae West in *It Ain't No Sin.*

But it is in her stage plays that her significance lies. If we judged alone from her screen comedies we should be tempted to say that she represented sexual honesty in a world given over much too completely to the antics of the fairy. I refer to the world of the theatre and to the race of people known as perverts. Without seeking to alarm you with a sensational expose of vice conditions in the green room, I may say merely that the condition within the profession is notorious. The facts of the matter are plain enough, but I may not be able to convince you that they have historical importance, and I am not even going to attempt to prove that the bitterly reactionary character of the stage, with the few exceptions you recognize so well, are the result in some small part of this same disease. We know quite well that the reasons for reaction are class reactions and if I make any point at all in this respect it would be to indicate that introversion is essentially a class ailment and the direct result of a sybaritic life which finally results in profound boredom for lack of any further possible stimulation or titillation. It is invariably associated with those twin elements of perversion, sadism and masochism, and generally reveals itself among the thinned-out representatives of a decaying class. The sadistic cruelty of Hitlerism is no accident. It is the unmistakable symptom of an incurable malady.

I am not a psychologist and what I have to say about the coincidences of history in this regard are not to be taken as gospel from the scientific archangels, but three widely separated incidents prior to the World War have always struck me as being significant. There was first the Oscar Wilde case in England. The divorce suit of Sir Charles Dilke with its resultant exposure of the hypocrisy and moral laxness of the aristocracy had been the first break in the dike of British class superiority. It showed that not only were the nobles human but they were something less than admirably human. Even this, however, was outshadowed by the revelations of the Wilde affair. The wave of indignation swept Wilde to jail, but it also revealed the fact that sexual debauchery was so common among the nobility that Frank Harris could report, without legal action being taken against him, that seventy-five members of the House of Lords were notorious perverts.

Not long after Germany was stirred by the revelations that Prince Philip Eulenberg, intimate friend of the Kaiser, had been accused by Maximilian Harden of indulging in unnatural vice. Harden had attacked Eulenberg publicly in his paper Zukunft, trying to force a charge of libel. Eulenberg refused and was disgraced. Evidence later produced in another trial at Munich proved conclusively that he was guilty. What was even more damning was the knowledge that others besides Eulenberg of the Imperial court were involved and that conditions were generally bad in high circles. The War came along several years later to place the world's attention on other forms of perversion such as mass slaughter and it was only with the advent of the *Fuehrer* that homosexuality was raised to the rank of statesmanship.

There was a third case in Russia which practically coincided with the outbreak of the war. By a coincidence France at the same time was so stirred by the sensational trial arising out of the killing of Calmette, editor of *Figaro,* by Madame Caillaux that the death of the Archduke at Sarajevo was almost overlooked by the smartly gowned crowds who gathered in court each day for the details. In the same way the nobility of Russia could scarcely take their fascinated gazes away from the St. Petersburg scandal long enough to watch the troops marching to the front.

What Mae West did in the plays I have mentioned and what she does in her motion pictures is to show in her frank cynical way the depths to which capitalistic morality has come. There is an honesty in her playing which is even more devastating. It is not the bouncing lechery of Ben Jonson but the mean piddling lewdness of the middle classes getting their little hour of sin before the end. Miss West has a marvelous capacity for the theatre and she acts in what might be termed the grand manner, but I can never hear her, "C'm up and see me some time" without thinking of Ruth Snyder carrying on her cheap pathetic romance with Judd Gray. Because she epitomizes so completely the middle class matron in her hour of license I feel that Miss West has never been properly appreciated as the First Artist of the Republic. It is palpable nonsense to be concerned about such children as Katherine Hepburn, who will be as forgotten as Mary Miles Minter in a few years' time, when we possess a lady who could assume her position now as the Statue of Liberty and who so obviously represents bourgeois culture at its apex that she will enter history as a complete treatise on decay.

Cream Puff and Black Bread

WE ARE given an opportunity to compare two films of the same type: *The Barretts of Wimpole Street* and the Soviet film *Thunderstorm.* Both are of the theatre rather than the cinema. Both deal with life in the early part of the last century. The plots are similar; the tyrannical parent as opposed to the lovers. But that is where the similarity ends.

Maybe I have no soul. Maybe I'm just a cynic. But the *Barretts,* with a finish like valspar, struck me as the dullest film that has been seen for some time. Sidney Franklin has confined all the "action" to practically one set with occasional closeups of Charles

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Laughton. Mr. Franklin feels that "the greatest satisfaction that can come to a director is to hear some one say . . . that 'It was as good as a play!'" If so, he has achieved success—a questionable success for a director. Though *Thunderstorm* fails to make any contribution to the art of the film its cognizance of the social scene lifts it out of banality. Thus we have a complete picture of the structure of the particular society in which the action unfolds. *Thunderstorm* is also favored with some stirring characterizations and a love story that is simple and real and truly tragic. At the same time it is a powerful indictment of the Czarist regime, whereas the concentration on character portrayal and the psychoanalytic approach of the Hollywood film makes it a Victorian cream-puff.

The first program in the new series of showings given by the Film and Photo League at the New School for Social Research will include that extraordinary silent German film, *The Student of Prague.* Saturday, Oct. 13, is the day. Among the other distinguished films are *Beggar on Horseback, Ten Days That Shook the World, Storm Over Asia,* etc.

PETER ELLIS.

Other New Films

The Blue Light (*"Du World"*). This tries so hard to tell you that there is romance, mystery, etc., among the Italian peasants. The film is so shallow and the story so decadent that even the bourgeois critics have had to resort to the statement that "it has good photography." But if you are interested in that kind of photography you can go to the library and look through the annual volumes of *American Photography* for the year 1909 or through the several numbers of *Das Deutsche Lichtbild.* You'll get more pleasure out of the books simply because it will be cheaper. The film's German origin is being concealed by the fact that the photographer is listed as *John* Schneeberger. Come, come *Hans,* you were the same guy what photographed *The Blue Angel, The White Hell of Pitz Palu, Stürm Uber Mont Blanc,* etc., etc. And Leni Reisenfeld director and star of *The Blue Light* has degenerated to the position of Hitler's favorite photographer.

The Count of Monte Cristo (United Artists). For the third time Dumas' red-blooded romantic melodrama of true love, justice, and vengeance, has been transferred to the screen. It's not saying much, but it is the best Hollywood movie on Broadway this week.

Mass Struggle (Ukrainfilm). This new film based upon the peasant revolt during the reign of Catherine the Great is one of the lesser examples of the recent Soviet film. Its technique is a little heavy and too static for comfort. But it does contain (as usual) some excellent characterizations. However it will give you a more vivid and honest picture of the Russia of Catherine the Great than you'll get from the terrible von Sternberg-Legs Dietrich *Scarlet Empress.*

British Agent (Warner Bros). A combination of blind stupidity and malice has produced a film that will be described as being favorable to the Soviet Union and the Revolution. Nothing of the sort. The film is definitely anti-Soviet despite its occasional opportunistic flirtations with Russia. Director Michael Curtiz who also made *Cabin in the Cotton* and his bosses, the Warner Brothers, are no friends of the Soviet Union. P. E.

Between Ourselves

IN next week's issue Moissaye J. Olgin, editor of the Freiheit, writes on the All-Union Writers' Congress in Moscow, under the title *A Pageant of Soviet Literature.* Olgin's article will be the first comprehensive description of the Congress, and of the general cultural atmosphere in which it met, to appear in this country.

Among other articles to appear in the magazine shortly are *The Crisis of Capitalist Culture,* by N. Bukharin; *The End of Bourgeois Poetry,* by D. S. Mirsky; *Capitalism Sterilizes,* by Louise Preece and *The American Spectator—Nazi Sheet,* by Orrick Johns.

Joshua Kunitz's lecture tour takes him to Buffalo on October 8th, under the auspices of the Icor (Jewish-Russian Colonization Organization); to Olean, N. Y., on the 9th, and Cleveland on the 10th. In Cleveland he lectures under the auspices of the John Reed Club in the News Auditorium, 1701 Superior Avenue.

The Artef Players Collective asks us to correct an error in the review of the League of Workers Theatres evening, referring to the satirical skit, *Motl Peise Dem Chazen's in Amerike.* "Your reviewer stated that this lively satire is by Sholem Aleichem, whereas the author is Chaver Paver, a co-worker in The Morning Freiheit, who has used the plot of Sholem Aleichem's *Motl Peise Dem Chazen's in Amerika,* but the work is ninety percent his," the Artef Players write.

John L. Spivak will be one of the judges at the Labor Defender Masquerade Ball, Sunday night, October 6, at the Manhattan Lyceum, 66 East 4th Street.

The Friends of THE NEW MASSES are giving a Hallowe'en Party, October 31, at Webster Manor, 125 East 11th Street.

We have received the first issue of a new monthly magazine published by the Friends of the Chinese People: China Today. Originally issued as a small mimeographed brochure, China Today has broadened both its editorial contents and its reader audience and now takes its place as one of the outstanding monthly publications in this country.

Among other reasons, the first issue is notable for the clarity and simplicity with which it treats the complex matters of the Far East. Its contents also include: a discussion of Japan's war activities in China, the original documents of the united front agreement between the Fukien 19th Route Army and Soviet China, detailed reports of Soviet China, Mme. Sun Yat Sen's call to the Chinese workers and peasants. Of particular interest to students of revolutionary literature is the story, *People's Therapy,* which appears here in English for the first time.

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